THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1925

The Old Folks at Home

BY

AN IRISHMAN FROM ABROAD

The Paris Opera—Back Stage View

Sober, Sanitary, Simple Sweden

BY

GABRIELLE REVAL

Down New Zealand Way

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

June 27, 1925

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THIS WEEK

If the heedless Mavourneen ever should accede to her lover's appeals and go back to Erin, she would find few changes. The most serious problem at the moment is the gradual extinction of the foxes. There are also occasional grumblings about the plan to build a twenty-five-million-dollar power house where the River Shannon flows. Our *Irishman from Abroad* who has just visited the Old Country called on Presidents Cosgrave and de Valera and was much impressed by both the boys. He found Dublin battle-scarred, and the hotels appeared to be in pretty bad shape; but poverty is on the wane. The Free State is making good progress, and is even attracting the covert attention of Ulster. Hopes for Irish union are, however, as vague as usual.

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Filippo Sacchi was much impressed by the fact that New Zealand, unlike the elder members of our Younger Generation, has no past at all. Coming from a background unusually rich in historical tradition, he was delighted to find a public library where they had scarcely heard of Cicero and owned none of his works. Like many other twentieth-century Latins, this Italian visitor to the Antipodes is enormously impressed with Anglo-Saxon hardihood. He contemplated with awe the colonists of Christchurch who brought with them from England a reverence for the Nordic virtues that would put any eminent Kleagle to shame. These staunch settlers made their adopted city look like a bit of old England, and if you can imagine a more attractive place than that you are advised to start your search for it right now.

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Some anonymous stage-door Johnnie from the Paris *Illustration* tells how they presented the opera *Esther*. The big difficulty was putting on a realistic pro-Semite riot in E flat. Either the actors got off the key or the whole business looked too artificial. Only under the competent leadership of Mr. Ruhlmann were they able to get along.

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One hundred years without a war, no drunks on the public streets, no paupers, dental inspection of every schoolchild every two weeks, low rents, generous credits from the banks — these are some of the factors that make Sweden the happy place that it is. Yet we philosophers, who make a practice of viewing everything with a reflective eye, cannot help wondering if humanity will necessarily fulfill its highest functions when all of us can afford built-in bathtubs, steam heat, and a clean collar every day. We run through our *Living Ages*, we ponder, long into the night, and we arrive at no conclusion whatsoever.

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Hard by a leafy peanut-grove in the ancient city of K'iuh-fow is the Confucius family burying-ground. Twenty-four hundred years ago last Thursday the most illustrious member of that noble tribe was laid to rest, and in the intervening years their little plot has assumed the proportions of a National Park. *Dr. Ludwig Aschoff*, the famous Freiburg pathologist, made a pilgrimage to the spot, and reports his experiences in the best romantic vein.

❦ ❦ ❦

On the banks of the River Prut, where they sing the *kolomiika*, lived Zamfir Neron on the fruits of his elegant vineyard. Here he thrived until one sad day Inspector Tikhovich, together with his able assistant Savchenko, discovered Phylloxera bugs in the roots of the vines, which naturally meant that the vineyard would have to be burned. Zamfir threw a fit, and his wife ate a handful of insects off one of the roots, but when last heard from was doing nicely at the local relief hospital. The slight confusion in which the story ends may conceivably be due to the fact that the author's name is *M. Kotsiubinskii* and that his work appeared in that immortal collection of tales, *Dlia Zahalnoho Dobra*.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325—*JUNE 27, 1925*—NO. 4225

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MOROCCO, LAND OF ILL OMEN

Morocco is politically almost as much a land of mystery as it was when Fez was a forbidden city to the Christians. One might ask a hundred questions about what is happening in that country and receive a satisfactory answer to none of them. Whence does Abd-el-Krim receive his supplies and the money to pay for them? Are Christians and Moslems being slaughtered in a game between European concessionaires? Which was the original aggressor, France or the Moorish leader? Which side has gained ground in the last month of hostilities? Those who know are silent.

Morocco has been a seed-bed of trouble for thirty years or more. As a contributor to *L'Ère Nouvelle* observes: 'In order to have a free hand in Morocco France once upon a time abandoned Boznia and Herzegovina to Austria and Tripoli to Italy. That started the war between Italy and Turkey which led up to the Balkan War, and the Balkan War led directly to the crisis of 1914. In this chain of blood every nation forged a link. But the first link was our aggression in Morocco.' The present conflict is not propitious for international good feeling. The journal just quoted accuses the Paris chauvinist press of fanning the war spirit in France and simultaneously adopting a tone of bravado and almost of menace toward the rest of Europe. 'It insinuates that foreigners are encouraging and supporting Abd-el-Krim. It accuses the English of furnishing him with supplies. It demands a blockade of the Rif. It contemplates an invasion of the Spanish zone. . . . All that means a long, savage Morocco war, and as we have already seen, eventually a general war.'

Not the slightest actual evidence is presented by these papers that any foreign Government is favoring Abd-el-Krim. In fact, all the European Colonial Powers are interested in French success. Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy, writing in the London *Outlook*, is impatient to see hostilities stopped, if necessary by the League of Nations or another Algeciras Conference, primarily because Great Britain's own peace is threatened. He says: 'We have first to think of our own Moslem fellow subjects, on whose support we

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depend as much as ever for the maintenance of our rule in India. Nor is our position in Mesopotamia and Egypt any too comfortable.'

The London *Daily Herald* sees the beginning of a great and dangerous adventure in the present troubles: —

The moment that the Spanish retreat began, Marshal Lyautey, the virtual dictator of French Morocco, began to cast his eyes northward. An independent Moslem state, under a leader of great ability, whose prestige had been enhanced by successive victories over European troops, was not — from the French point of view — the most satisfactory of neighbors. Also the Rif is reputedly wealthy in minerals, and has come under the favorable notice of one of the biggest of the Paris banks.

Therefore Marshal Lyautey went to Paris, and received, with the usual admonitions to be cautious, full power to deal with the situation according to his own judgment. Military stores were collected and all preparations made for a campaign on the northern frontier.

An inspired press began to assure the world that France had no desire at all to intervene in the Rif, but that intervention might be forced upon her against her will. All was ready except the pretext for action.

Then for a while the adventure was called off. The Quai d'Orsay had received hints that the entry of French troops into the zone allotted to Spain in 1910 might cause complications with Italy. Financial troubles at home made expensive military operations undesirable.

There was a change of plan. An agreement was made with the Spanish Government whereby the French would render such aid as would enable General Primo de Rivera to advance again, and, with luck, to break the Riffian resistance completely. Thus the last independent Moslem republic in Africa would be destroyed, the prestige of Spain would be restored, and — French finance would be given a share in the exploitation of the Rif.

Now the expected has happened. We are told that Abd-el-Krim has invaded French territory, and that therefore military measures have become inevitable. Whether, getting wind of the preparations against him, Abd-el-Krim has, in fact, decided to get a blow in first, or whether the frontier incidents have been carefully staged in order to force the hands of the politicians at home, we shall see.

Turning to a less biased authority, the London *Economist* thus traces the genesis of the conflict: —

The outstanding facts here are, first, that the border lies uncomfortably close to Fez, the Sultan's capital, and to the railway which runs westward to Algeria through the belt of comparatively open country which intervenes between the Rif and the Atlas; and, secondly, that this border has never been delimited, still less demarcated on the spot, so that it is not easy to say, in the case of certain tribes, to which zone they belong. Had the Spanish occupation been effective, this question would no doubt have been settled amicably and definitely between the French and Spanish Governments, and for the tribes concerned it would have been merely an alternative between two masters, and not a choice between liberty and subjection. As it is, the tribes of the Spanish zone, outside the Tetuán-Laraiche lines, are free, and therefore every tribe in the debatable borderland claims to lie in the Spanish zone and not in the French. Last year the French, in pursuance of their policy of gradually but steadily extending the range of their effective occupation, established themselves in the upper valley of the Wergha — a tributary of the Wadi Sebu, not more than thirty or forty miles north of Fez, beyond the northern bank of which lies the debatable highland territory. The local tribes, who were thus cut off from their main source of food supplies, appealed at the time to Abd-el-Krim. For the moment he could not help them, being then heavily engaged with the Spaniards on his other front, but apparently he promised to help them this spring, and they have now been attempting to drive the French out of the Wergha valley again. It is a question of prestige on both sides. Abd-el-Krim cannot afford to be regarded as a broken reed by tribes that claim his protection,

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while the French cannot afford to see their authority challenged, especially at so short a distance from Fez.

Abd-el-Krim has the alternative of attempting to drive through to Fez and starting a new holy war against all the Europeans in North Africa, or of pursuing the same tactics he has hitherto employed against Spain — of cutting off small detachments, harrying the enemy, and keeping the French borderlands in Morocco in a state of chronic warfare until the strain of an unpopular colonial war produces a crisis at Paris. The French have not been in Morocco long, and some of the native troops fighting under her flag are none too reliable.

No better argument could be advanced against those who accuse France of inviting hostilities with the Moors than the disastrous effect a prolonged war in Morocco will have upon the already precarious finances of the nation. This danger also gives strength to Socialist opposition to the war, although that Party is embarrassed by the fact that M. Herriot's Cabinet, which it supported, took the preliminary steps that culminated in the present hostilities. Sisley Huddleston says in the *New Statesman* that no attempt to contrast the Herriot and the Painlevé Cabinets, one as pacific, the other as militarist, 'could succeed when it was revealed that the Moroccan troubles had been blowing up for six months, and that M. Herriot had sanctioned reënforcements to Marshal Lyautey.'

Communists claim that Caillaux, who was Prime Minister when the Morocco question became most acute before, is an imperialist at heart, and has helped to provoke the present trouble. They assert that the aggression of Abd-el-Krim was caused by the establishment of military posts to the north of the Ouergha. They assert that the Riffians were blockaded and cut off from fertile valleys necessary for their *ravitaillement*. They assert that the uncertain frontier has been crossed. They openly side with Abd-el-Krim. They call the Mussulman world to revolt in Tunisia and in Algeria, and they foretell uprisings in the Far East, in the Near East, and in Egypt. 'Communism is, in short, clever enough to avail itself of racial, of religious, and of nationalist discontents. It calls on the French people to manifest against the dispatch of troops to Morocco. It calls on the soldiers to mutiny. It would be folly to deny the impression of *malaise* produced in the country by the Communist exploitation of the Moroccan difficulties.

The Socialists, on their side, have been put in a dilemma. They are reluctant to join the Communists and to secede from the *Bloc des gauches*, but they are equally reluctant to support a war which is in contradiction with the principles of their Party. Their attitude consists rather in posing a series of awkward questions such as: Have not the French losses been concealed? Why is the truth not told? What are the reënforcements asked by Marshal Lyautey and what are the reënforcements which the Government proposes to send? Is the Government kept properly informed? Is it not deceived by the military authorities? Is Painlevé strong enough to oppose the megalomaniac ambitions of the militarists? Is he ready to negotiate peace and will the negotiations be conducted by the *Résidence-Générale* or by the responsible ministers? It is an insidious method of attack.

The Radicals are alarmed about the mission, official or unofficial, of M. Malvy in Spain. It is all very well, they say, to come to an agreement with Spain by which no embarrassment shall be created to French action by the indeterminate character of the frontiers or by the exigencies of warfare which may carry the fighting into the Spanish zone. But it will never do to enter into a compact with the Spanish to take concerted action, if not common action, against the Riffians. Spain has suffered disaster after disaster in Morocco and may welcome French coöperation; but if France is tempted to join forces with Spain the adventure may be formidable and France too may plunge into disaster.

The Nationalists who are prepared to

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help M. Painlevé urge, however, that by the treaties of 1904, of 1906, and of 1912 France and Spain have a common interest in subduing Morocco, even though their respective zones are strictly delimited. Their coöperation would permit a close blockade of the Rif by land and by sea.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* says that the Communists in Paris are openly encouraging the Riffians, 'who have received on several occasions Soviet subsidies,' but that their primary purpose is to demoralize the army. The attitude of the Socialists is more equivocal. 'They do not dare to support Abd-el-Krim openly, but they continually insinuate that it would have been better to reach an understanding with him.'

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BRITAIN BANS COMMUNISTS

UPON being informed that certain foreign Communists intended to visit Great Britain to attend a Communist conference that opened at Glasgow on May 30, the British Government announced that such aliens would be refused admission to the country. This created an incident in Parliament, where the Labor Members, though not Communists themselves, attempted to put the Government on the defensive on the free-speech principle, which is dearer to Englishmen than to most Americans. The Home Secretary insisted there was a distinction. An English subject might say what he liked, 'but the Government will not permit, so far as they are able, foreigners to come here and make similar speeches.' Labor Members made the point that Communist delegates from abroad attended the Conference last year when their own Party was in power, and that no ill results followed.

Despite the Government's prohibition, two foreign Communists, one French and the other German, managed to reach Glasgow and to address the meeting. One was Dr. Stoeker, a member of the Reichstag, and the other Mlle. Laval, who has been very prominent and active in that Party at home. Neither of these visitors seems to have said anything particularly sensational, but the ease with which they eluded the attentions of the authorities, both upon arriving and upon leaving, added to the dramatic interest of the session.

The British authorities have also taken another step against the Communists, if we are to credit *Izvestia*, which declares that an embargo has been placed on all copies of *Pravda* mailed to England. The *Morning Post* intimates that this action was due to the 'scurrilous cartoons of His Majesty the King which have recently become a regular feature of the *Pravda*, and also to the blasphemous articles and parodies on the Gospel by the Soviet poet laureate, Denian Byedny, which for the past two months have been appearing practically daily in the official organ of the political bureau of the Communist Party.'

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A STRAW ON THE CURRENT

A PLEASANT little get-together excursion of Japanese athletes to Manila, to take part in the Far-Eastern Olympic Games, seems to have turned out unhappily. We have only Tokyo press reports of what occurred, but apparently Japan's contestants took umbrage at the decisions of the American umpire and withdrew from the contest. Their action was not approved by *Asahi*, which believed the offended participants 'were right to blame the umpire for his mistake or injustice,' but were wrong in leaving the arena, and cites the action of the British athletes, who did not withdraw from

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the last Olympic Games at Paris, although they believed that the attitude of the French umpire was unfair. *Hochi* is of the same opinion: 'We do not urge our champions to tolerate injustice or insult. We do not question their good sense. But we must point out that they participated in the games before the eyes of the world, and it is not their business to criticize the umpire. They ought to be satisfied if their strength and skill are universally recognized by the spectators.' Nevertheless, 'it is astonishing and extraordinary that the anti-Japanese feeling should influence the Americans at the Olympiad. It must be noted, however, that no nation is entirely free from racial prejudice and from antiforeign feeling, and that such prejudice and feeling affects even international commerce and sports. So our champions ought to have been well aware that the Americans would work tricks of such a nature.' The Chinese and Filipino contestants continued in the games, although they are said to have expressed some sympathy for their Japanese competitors.

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MINOR NOTES

GERMANY is suffering almost as acutely as Great Britain from the present industrial stagnation. Dr. Karl von Siemens, president of the great firm Siemens and Halske, and probably the ablest captain of industry in his country, said at a recent business conference that unless a radical change in trade conditions occurred within a brief time nothing could save the German nation from another financial catastrophe. Krupp's, Thyssen, and the Stinnes group have been forced to make heavy staff-reductions — indeed rumor has it that the great Stinnes concerns were saved from disaster only by the timely aid of the Government. The great Harpenner works have reduced the number on their payrolls from nearly forty-two thousand to less than thirty thousand. On the other hand, there are certain bright signs on the horizon. The first of these is the promise of a record harvest. Furthermore, the Reichsbank returns are most auspicious. Its gold reserves are augmented, and its note circulation is rapidly diminishing. Some symptoms of betterment have appeared in the machinery business, where markets are beginning to open in Asia. Textile wholesale firms are doing well.

PLANS are afoot in Japan to invite to Tokyo delegates from all the scattered sects of Buddhists not only in that country but in Burma, Siam, China, and other parts of the Orient, to meet next September. The *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, commenting upon the project, says: 'There is a great deal of imitativeness in all this. Tokyo people see international Sunday School conventions and similar stunts in their city, and are naturally fired by emulation to show that the home-grown religion is just as active. . . . There are curiously mixed elements in the revivals of Oriental religion which are apparent everywhere. The most potent is the one already referred to — competitive emulation.'

ON August 22 an International Socialist Congress will open in Paris. The programme of topics for discussion, which has already been drafted, is as follows: An international peace policy and Socialism; disarmament and the Socialist International; the struggle of the Labor class; living conditions of workers and unemployment; the Washington [International Labor] Agreement and the eight-hour day; reports and resolutions of the International Women's Congress; questions relating

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to the organization and constitution of the International Socialist movement.

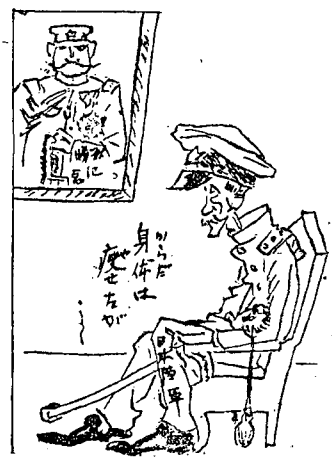
KING GEORGE, in laying the corner stone of the new Lloyd's Building in London, broke an unwritten tradition of over two centuries by quoting Oliver Cromwell. Referring to Lloyd's evolution from an ordinary seventeenth-century coffee house to the great public and international institution familiar to all, he remarked: 'Cromwell said that no one rises so high as he who does not know whither he is going, and this has held good in our organizations as well as in our men.'

THE Third Congress of the Latin press, following the sessions held at Lyon in 1923 and at Lisbon last year, was held in Florence in the middle of May. Delegates from France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Rumania, and Canada, as well as from several Latin-American republics, were present. The next Congress is scheduled to meet at Buenos Aires in the autumn of 1926.

SOME time ago we printed a brief account of the scenes of violence that had attended the elections in the French West Indian colony of Guadeloupe. A similar incident occurred during the recent municipal elections in the sister island of Martinique, where several people, including a member of the General Council, were killed by rifle and revolver bullets. In both instances the disturbances are said to be the outcome of race jealousy. Universal suffrage exists in these colonies, and the Negroes are in a large majority. Since the war they have objected to being governed by appointive French officials in whose selection they have no voice.

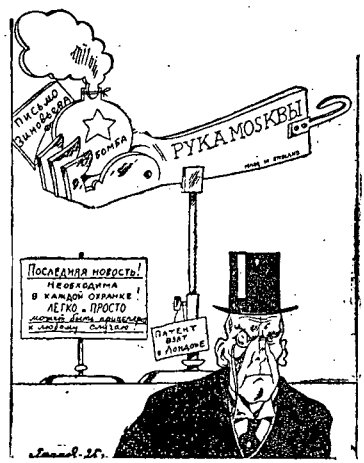
A 'BABY AIRPLANE,' the Moth, with a twenty-seven horsepower engine, has recently made the trip from London to Zurich and back, a distance of 1000 miles, in fourteen hours, including a stop of forty-six minutes on Swiss soil. Weather conditions were not propitious, as the aviator had to fight heavy winds both going and coming. The entire cost of the journey from England to Switzerland and back, in oil and fuel, was less than $25.

JAPAN'S SHRUNKEN ARMY BUDGET



The Army Before and After Taking
— *Miyako*, Tokyo

MADE IN ENGLAND



'The Hand of Moscow' and Its Inventor
— *Izvestia*, Moscow

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BACK IN ERIN[1]

BY AN IRISHMAN FROM ABROAD

WHEN I was lunching at the Garrick Club one day before the Easter holidays, an English friend said to me: 'We see so little about Ireland in the papers nowadays. I wonder what is really happening there.' The object of this article is to supply the answer in the form of a brief survey, necessarily somewhat sketchy. It seeks to record the impressions made on an Irishman, unconnected with politics, who has spent most of his life outside his native land. A visit to Ireland is always a pleasant experience to the returning Irishman. Doubly pleasant is it after an absence of six years.

Southern Ireland has undoubtedly changed since pre-war times, but the changes are not as great as might have been expected. In one department at least there has been no change: the Irishman is as fond of sport as ever. On entering the 'sleeper' at Euston I met an old friend, a popular member of the Senate and a well-known sportsman. 'What is the chief problem in Southern Ireland to-day?' I asked him, expecting as reply, 'The final defeat of the Republicans,' or 'The Shannon water-power scheme.' To my surprise he answered, 'The killing-off of the foxes throughout the country, which is seriously threatening one of Ireland's chief industries — hunting.' The sum of thirty shillings has been offered by firms of fur-manufacturers for each fox-skin, and as a consequence a lucrative trade has been developed, to the consternation of the hunting people and of those who realize how important hunting is to Ireland. As a result, the Free State Ministry of Agriculture has decided to set up a committee to inquire into the matter. My friend stated that so far the most effective method of dealing with the menace had been to persuade young men in hunting areas 'to refuse to have anything to say to girls wearing fox-skins'!

Nevertheless, the Shannon water-power scheme *is* discussed. Here opinion is sharply divided. Critics of the Government assert that when completed it will be a white elephant, that Southern farmers will never consume enough electricity to make it worth while, that the Government could spend five million pounds to greater advantage elsewhere. Irish 'Imperialists' — and I met quite a number — regretted that tenders had not been asked for from Great Britain; and one Irishman, high up in the Free State councils, said that undoubtedly the right course for the Government to pursue would have been to give all nations a chance of tendering, instead of committing itself to the firm of Siemens-Schuckert.

Several Irishmen viewed with apprehension the introduction of German influence into Southern Ireland. For the most part, however, there was a tendency to hope for the best and to wish the Government well in its venture. Perhaps the best argument in favor of the Shannon scheme was that of a Free State minister. He said: 'We have had enough politics in Ireland.

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *May* 9, 16, 23

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What we want above all is to interest our people in economics. Even if the Shannon scheme does not realize all the expectations of its sponsors, it is nevertheless teaching Irishmen "to think economically." Up and down the country to-day you will hear the pros and cons of the Shannon scheme being debated. If we can get the present generation of Irishmen to devote their attention to things economic, who will deny that our five million pounds has been well spent?'

Among the superficial changes which attract the attention of the returning Irishman are: the green pillar-boxes and post-office vans; the green envelopes in which telegrams are delivered; the green street-signs, on which the street names in Irish appear above the English names; a greater use of the Irish language and the designation of suburban stations on the time-tables and the station walls by their Irish names, such as Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown) and Bri Chualann (Bray). The absence of the Union Jack is very noticeable; I did not see one during my stay in Dublin. On the flagpoles on Messrs. Clery's large drapery store I noticed the Free State flag, two American, two French, and several other European flags which I did not recognize, but no Union Jack! When I remonstrated with a Free State friend he said, 'Time will no doubt work wonders, but Englishmen must not expect the impossible. To the majority of Irishmen, the Union Jack, the flag used by the Black and Tans, has stood for foreign rule.'

Great improvements have been made in traffic control, and white-gloved policemen hold up their hands with all the authority of their London confrères. Another welcome innovation is the display of the excellent yellow signs of the Irish Automobile Association showing the distance from Dublin to such places as Sligo, Limerick, Mullingar, Waterford, and Cork.

Undoubtedly efforts to make the Irish consumer purchase goods of Irish origin are bearing fruit. On the tables in the Shelbourne Hotel was Irish cutlery, and at a leading Dublin restaurant Irish cider was supplied — though this was of Ulster origin. There is also a tendency to buy from the Continent of Europe and America and thus demonstrate that Ireland is not just a commercial dependent of Great Britain. I noticed in particular a large number of foreign motor-cars.

The soldiers of the Irish Free State in their dark-green uniforms remind one of the new order of things. Outside the chief Government offices are smart-looking military police with red facings to their uniforms, armed with revolvers, and the stranger desiring access has to produce the necessary credentials. Inside the Government offices the visitor is escorted by messengers dressed much like British government messengers, except that a harp is worn instead of a crown. Two things have not changed, however. Number one is the capacity of the Irish jarvey to demand an extortionate fare from the new arrival! I drove from Westland Row Station to the Shelbourne Hotel, about half a mile, and on asking how much, was told three shillings and sixpence — about three times the usual fare. Number two is the presence of the proverbial gray horse on O'Connell Bridge. One of my earliest recollections of Dublin, when a small boy thirty-five years ago, was looking out for a gray horse on O'Connell Bridge. To my surprise, during my recent visit, on each of the three or four occasions I crossed the bridge a gray horse appeared upon the scene. Whether Dublin merchants employing horse-traction make a point of specially selecting gray horses to satisfy the tourist and keep up tradi-

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tion I do not know. But the gray horse remains, whatever else has been changed.

Another hasty impression was the absence of barefooted urchins. Also the heart-rending poverty of previous days was less conspicuous. Unemployment is bad in the Free State as elsewhere, but it did not seem so prevalent as in Great Britain and Ulster, owing no doubt to the fact that Southern Ireland is mainly an agricultural country.

Lunching at the Kildare Street Club and dining at the St. George's Yacht Club seemed just like old times, as many of the club servants were the same. Among the members I found old friends, but there were many, very many, familiar faces missing. On all sides I was told how much trade in Southern Ireland had suffered through the departure of large numbers of the better-off section of the community and of the British soldiers. But if the reader imagines that there is an atmosphere of depression in the shopping districts of Dublin he is wrong. To the casual observer streets such as Grafton Street look as busy as ever, and it was difficult to recollect that but three years separate us from the civil war. Sackville Street, now O'Connell Street, has been largely rebuilt, though the Four Courts, the Custom-house, and the General Post Office, which are still in ruins, remind the visitor of the recent strife.

Hopes are expressed on all sides that the tourist traffic will return to pre-war dimensions. Already the vanguard of oversea visitors has arrived, and I noticed many American and Australian tourists. The great possibilities which lie before Ireland as one of the chief playgrounds in the English-speaking world are fully realized. In the United States and in all the Dominions, especially in Canada and Australia, are probably fourteen million persons of Irish blood. There is not one of these who does not cherish the ambition to visit the land of his fathers. But if Ireland desires to attract the oversea visitor in his thousands, she will have to improve her hotel accommodations.

The visitor who comes into contact with the members of the Free State Government is impressed by the lack of formality. Once he has passed the military guard at the main entrance he is shown at once to the secretary's office of the minister he desires to see. The accessibility of President Cosgrave reminded me of the Dominions rather than of Great Britain. Indeed, while I was in Dublin similarities to conditions in the Dominions came to my mind several times — the accessibility of ministers, their youth (the average age of the present Government must be under forty), their democratic origin, the dislike of titles or other handles to the name, and, above all, their belief in their country's future.

While waiting to see President Cosgrave I was informed that whenever a correspondent writes in Irish he is replied to in that language, but that as a rule the Government correspondence is carried on in English, one of the reasons being that only a few of the typewriters in use are bilingual!

The moment you are shown into Mr. Cosgrave's room you feel at home. With a smile on his face he comes across the room to meet you; then, offering one of the special rice-paper cigarettes he smokes, he submits himself laughingly to the ordeal of being questioned by the visiting journalist for the thousandth time. Mr. Cosgrave has lightish hair and a rather pale face, and he does not seem strong. He has gray-blue eyes, which look you straight in the face, and a very pleasant smile. You feel that you are dealing

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with a man who is conciliatory, yet firm when the circumstances demand firmness. The past three years have shown him to be so. It is difficult to realize the courage it must have required to accept office when he did. For many months Mr. Cosgrave was in constant danger of his life.

The general impression I gained from my talks with the Free State ministers was that of optimism. The hard years were behind. There had been faults on both sides in the Anglo-Irish conflict. Let us forget the evil deeds and look ahead to a happier relationship. A decided majority of the people of Southern Ireland had voted, and would now vote, in favor of membership in the British Commonwealth. The Free State leaders believed they were sailing into smoother waters. Undoubtedly the people of Southern Ireland were rallying to the Free State, as the recent elections had shown; out of nine contests there had been seven victories, and there should have been an eighth in North Dublin, where, owing to the defects in the system of proportional representation, a Republican was returned, despite the fact that there were nearly twice as many supporters of the Free State in the district.

For some years Ireland was likely to be self-absorbed, with little time to think of external affairs or intra-imperial relations. Her chief preoccupation was to set her house in order and get the machine of government running smoothly. The question of appointing Irish High Commissioners or representatives in the Dominion capitals had been considered, but there were more pressing matters. Ireland desired nothing better than to live in amity with Great Britain, but there must be no condescension on the British side. Ireland felt that she, like Great Britain, was a motherland with a culture of her own and millions of sons across the seas, who looked upon her as their spiritual home. Ireland regretted the animosity displayed toward her in certain British newspapers. Granted that there had been mistakes, could not the British press use its influence toward healing the century-old sores, and refrain from misrepresentation? Could anyone deny that a complete Anglo-Irish entente, resting on freedom and on recognition of one another's standpoint, would be one of the surest ways of preserving the peace of the world?

I discussed every aspect of Irish affairs with Southern Unionists, now mostly supporters of the Free State, with journalists, business men, and with the man in the street. The general impression made on me by the talks was that the present Free State Government *is* making good. I came across surprisingly little criticism of it, except of course among Republicans. One of the members of the Kildare Street Club, formerly an active spirit in the Irish Unionist Alliance, paid a tribute to the improvement in conditions during the past eighteen months. 'Justice is as well administered in Ireland to-day as ever it was,' he said.

The present Republican headquarters are in Suffolk Street on the first and second floors of an insurance building. The secretary is Mr. Austin Stack, who laid his correspondence aside in order to discuss matters with a fellow Irishman, who holds different views from his, but is still an Irishman. Of rather Spanish or South European appearance, possessing a musical voice, Mr. Stack is an uncompromising believer in complete Irish sovereignty, and in nothing short of that. He has 'rebel' blood in his veins; early in the last century his forbears tried to shake off British rule. In 1867 his father was

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sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for his Fenian activities.

After paying a tribute to Englishmen as good sportsmen and saying that it was quite erroneous to think that the Republicans disliked the English any more than the Free Staters, Mr. Stack put the Republican position in terms somewhat as follows: 'Ever since the first Norman landed in Ireland, our people — sometimes a majority of them, at other periods apparently only a minority — have resisted the invader and anything in the shape of British dominion. There has been at least a minority of Irishmen passionately devoted to the ideal of complete Irish independence. You have only got to go back to 1798, and trace our history through 1848, 1867, and 1916, to prove this fact. You have still got a very large proportion of Irishmen who are entirely dissatisfied with the Treaty and with Irish "subserviency" to the British Empire. Till complete Irish sovereignty for the whole nation has been recognized you will never get peace in Ireland. The dissension may remain below the surface for many years, but sooner or later it will make itself felt.'

Shortly afterward I found myself in the presence of the Republican leader. Mr. de Valera is exactly like his cartoons and pictures. Tall, thin, angular, with tousled hair, wearing gold-rim glasses, a soft collar, black tie, and blue-serge suit, he impresses you as an able man, who is entirely master of his subject. He is in deadly earnest. You feel that he is applying his mathematical mind to politics. There is little compromise about him, and he believes in Irish sovereignty, complete and without limitation, just as much as he did on Easter Monday 1916.

Mr. de Valera gives you his whole attention as you ply him with questions, and is perfectly ready to explain his point of view. He talks rather rapidly, with a not very pronounced Irish brogue mixed with a slight foreign accent. I asked him if it was true that he had advocated the acceptance by Ireland of a relationship to the British Empires analogous to that of Cuba toward the United States, as was recorded in certain sections of the American press at the time of my last visit to that country. Mr. de Valera denied any such action on his part, and pointed out that his proposal had reference solely to the giving of a guaranty that Ireland would not allow her territory to be used by any foreign Power as a basis for attack on Britain.

In reply to the question whether he thought the scheme of making Ireland a monarchy, with King George as king of Ireland, with a separate crown and with an ancient Irish title, would appeal to the majority of his countrymen, Mr. de Valera said that it would not, and stated his belief that on a referendum eighty per cent of the people of the twenty-six counties would vote in favor of a republic.

Among the ordinary people one meets in trains, hotels, in places of business, the opinion is expressed that the Republican cause is on the down grade; that there is division in the Republican ranks; that a large proportion of the Republican absentee members of the Dail would like to take their seats; and that Miss MacSwiney, who is now in the United States, is the real power behind the 'throne'! To the visitor it would seem that Ireland, with her flag, her army, her customs, her membership in the League of Nations, and her admitted right to enter into relations with foreign Powers, as illustrated by her diplomatic representation at Washington, does certainly possess ninety-five per cent of the attributes of sovereignty.

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As I drove to Amiens Street to take train for Ulster, I tried to sift the kaleidoscopic impressions received during my stay. Great though the problems ahead may be, I believe that the Free State Government is making good, and this is, I venture to say, the opinion of seventy-five per cent of the people of Southern Ireland. The most hopeful thing about the Irish Free State is that the people are beginning to think economically rather than politically. We may indeed be witnessing the turning over of a new page in Irish history.

The two and a half hours' journey from Dublin to Belfast, on the Great Northern Railway, is like entering another world. We have left the motherland of Gaelic culture and are once more in Great Britain. The outward symbol of the change is the Customhouse inspection at Goragh Wood Station by British Government officials. I asked my young Ulster traveling companion if these officials were Ulster-born, and he said that they were, but the accent of the official who made a most minute inspection of my hand-baggage had a cross-Channel sound. The Customs inspection was very thorough and reminded me of entering Russia in pre-war days or of the inspection at the landing-stage in New York.

There seem to be fewer outside cars and more taxis in Belfast, and the drivers appear less anxious to profiteer than the Dublin jarveys. One of the first things that impress the visitor is the fact that all the policemen are armed with revolvers, unlike the civic guard in Dublin; and while their uniform is somewhat similar, their badge is an Irish harp surmounted by a crown. Indeed, the attitude of the two Irelands is represented by this piece of symbolism — in Southern Ireland the uniforms are adorned with the harp, in Northern Ireland with the harp *and crown*. One other small difference, as far as the police are concerned, is that those on point duty in Belfast do not wear white gloves. I saw only two 'Imperial' soldiers, belonging to a Scottish regiment, but I saw several Ulster Specials armed with rifles.

Like Southern Ireland, Ulster is chiefly concerned with her own affairs, and many of my friends took pleasure in informing me that they were so busy attending to local problems that they had little time to devote to the Irish Free State. Ulster business friends laid special stress on the fact that they are part and parcel of the British political system, and that for the most part they look Britainward, where their major interests lie. They stated that the recent Free State Budget which I had heard Mr. Blythe, the Free State Minister of Finance, himself a Protestant Ulsterman, introduce in the Dail at Dublin, with its increasing taxation of imports, will tend to widen the gap which divides the two Irelands. Belfast's two chief industries are shipping and linen, both of which are largely dependent on foreign custom.

Ulster — and especially Belfast and the manufacturing centres — is, in common with Great Britain, going through a period of acute depression. Not for many years have the shipping and linen trades been experiencing such difficult times. The lack of orders in the shipping trade is due to the same causes as in Great Britain, and the great shipyards are a depressing sight to one who has visited them in previous times.

The linen trade is also in a depressed state from two causes: the increasing use of cotton products for reasons of economy, and the falling off in American orders.

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The changing habit of the American housewife is partly responsible. Nowadays many American homes have dispensed with the damask tablecloth, and its place is taken by the polished table and raffia mats or doilies. In no part of Great Britain is the unemployment problem a more real one than in Ulster, and it is this subject which most frequently forms the topic of conversation with the stranger. While Ulster is undoubtedly experiencing the pinch, it would be erroneous to assume that she is doing no business, and the Minister of Finance informed me that the exports of the six Northern counties last year were as large as those of the twenty-six Southern counties. If at the moment a slight note of pessimism is met with in Northern Ireland, there has been no change in the political views of the majority. Ulster is as self-reliant as of old, and knows her mind as clearly as ever. The question of the coming together of the two Irelands in the future is never mentioned; the people of Ulster are too fully occupied with their day-to-day concerns.

To the outsider the most interesting internal problem in Ireland is: What is the likelihood of North and South joining to create that united Ireland which was so dear to the hearts of Irish patriots in the past? If the citizens of the Irish Free State desire to bring the union of North and South within the range of practical politics, they can do so only by extending the hand of fellowship, and not by force. Despite its professed lack of interest in Southern Ireland, Ulster is watching the Free State closely. If the Free State establishes a strong and just Government, and if, as a consequence, law and order are observed throughout all the Southern counties, the first step will have been taken toward reunion.

'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD' [1]

RUMINATIONS OF AN ITALIAN IN NEW ZEALAND

BY FILIPPO SACCHI

A FEW days after my arrival in New Zealand a friend took me for a motor ride along the heights above the city. We went as far as the wireless station, from which there is a view over the harbor. At a certain point a little below the crest of the ridge my friend stopped his automobile. He is an architect who knows Italy very well, and has a brother living there. He asked me if I remembered the fragment of the old wall of the Roman kings at the bottom of Via Nazionale. When I answered in the affirmative he said: —

'Well then, I am going to show you something similar.'

One side of the road at that point fell off in a grassy slope, with a few scattered trees and two or three houses near by. In the middle of this green spot was a sort of ruin — a remnant of an old wall protruding just above the level of the soil, which certainly looked exceedingly ancient.

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *May* 7

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'This,' said my friend, laughing, 'is the oldest ruin of Wellington. It is all that remains of a house built by one of the first colonists. My father, who came here in 1884, recalls the building shortly before it was torn down. It was then about thirty years old. So we may conclude that this wall is seventy years old. It is not much, but seventy years after Romulus founded the city you would not have found much more than that at Rome.'

I relate this to illustrate to those who have never been in a country like New Zealand the impression that these lands without history make upon people like us Italians. The first effect is a sense of rejuvenation, of throwing off the burden of the past — a little of the feeling of a lad let out of school for vacation. I now understand Stevenson's shout of triumph when at last he saw men whose fathers had never read Vergil, had never been conquered by Cæsar, and had never been governed by the wisdom of Gaius and Papinian.

To be sure, the ancestors of the present inhabitants of New Zealand had read Vergil and had been conquered by Cæsar. But when I took a notion to look for Cicero's works in the public library of one of the larger cities of the Dominion I was not able to find even their frontispiece. Do not make the mistake of laughing at this. These are lands where books may be few as yet, but graves are also few. Our Old World resembles the floor of our ancient cathedrals: it is paved with tombstones; wherever we walk we tread upon the dead. Here a man can travel for weeks without seeing a cemetery. He can visit thriving towns where not even a single generation has as yet been buried. No shades of secular antiquity dim the sunlight of these pioneers. The walls of their houses are no older than the occupants. A man is born, lives, and toils out his lifetime without seeing anything around him that goes back farther than a single generation. His whole world is contemporaneous. His memory of names and places is never colored by that vague, indefinite, mysterious quality that these often have for us, who are compelled to live in constant contact with a past that persistently obtrudes its spectres into our presence.

These colonists know nothing of the fetishism of our hereditary traditions. I saw something at Wellington that illustrates this. Some time ago somebody sent from London to the New Zealand Government a piece of the ceiling of Westminster Hall. That is one of the most famous buildings in England. The first Parliament sat there; the English kings were crowned there; the Grand Protector Cromwell appeared there in sceptre and ermine, and his head was brought back there eight years later on the point of a pike to prove how fragile is human glory. Now, what do you suppose they did at Wellington with that venerable piece of wood? Preserve it in a reliquary? Put it in a museum? Nothing of the kind. They made a magnificent ash tray of it for the Cabinet Room! Anyone who visits the new Parliament House will find it attached to the wall with a bronze plate telling what it is and where it came from; and during Cabinet sessions ministers and their secretaries can stroll over to it between their motions and discussions and flip the ashes of their cigars upon a piece of wood that served the architects of Richard II! I am not sure I disapprove of that. I mention the fact simply to illustrate how little regard these people have for the past — or at least for the prejudices of the past.

So I thought I had got rid of history, until I reached Christchurch; but there she overtook me, and I fear I shall not escape her again. Christchurch is one

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of the most recently settled towns in New Zealand. It was in 1849, after the country had been fairly well explored, that the Canterbury Association, under a grant from the New Zealand Land Company, which had a monopoly of the territory, decided to make a settlement on the vast green meadow that extends for sixty or seventy miles from Port Cooper to the headwaters of the Rangitata. The following year the first nucleus of the settlement, the Canterbury Pilgrims, embarked at Plymouth on four sailing ships and reached their destination at Port Lyttelton, the harbor of Christchurch, after a voyage of one hundred days. That voyage of the Canterbury Pilgrims was a picturesque and historical adventure which irresistibly recalls Homer's heroes, viking rovers, and all our legendary lore of men crossing broad reaches of sea to found new nations in new lands. This was both a national and a religious migration. Its leaders planned to found a colony of picked people of pure English stock, to transfer to the Antipodes intact a fragment of English life and culture containing all the best ethnic and moral qualities of the race. Prospective settlers were 'hand-picked' by a formidable committee of prominent members of Parliament, of the clergy, of the universities, and of the aristocracy, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as their chairman. No one who was not a loyal member of the Church of England and a descendant of a family entirely English was allowed to join the expedition.

The four little vessels that sailed out of Plymouth Harbor for New Zealand in the autumn of 1850 bore the seeds of a new nation as truly as did the galleys of Æneas sailing forth from Troy. A person can still see in the Canterbury Museum the daguerreotypes of the first colonists — moustached men in big cravats of the Gladstone style; women in lace caps and gauntlet gloves, with shawls crossed over their bosoms: a group of faces so intelligent, energetic, strong-charactered, and ethnographically true to type that if the Deity should ever hold an exposition of His creatures He would certainly choose these for the English section. They are the best birth-certificate that a young city could have. It was an exceptional group, the flower of a nation such as blooms only when a great labor is to be done. England's task in these years was to found Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Singapore, and Hongkong.

The familiar proverb that every tree bears its own fruit was here confirmed. The most typically English city in the Gazetteer of the British Isles was founded at the most remote point of the opposite hemisphere, separated from the mother country by half the globe's circumference, by strange climates, and by foreign races — a city of cottages scattered over a soft green turf where all the flowers of Brighton and all the trees of Lancashire hold rendezvous to reconstruct here a piece of their native land.

A winding stream with the classic name of Avon flows through the middle of the town, bordered on either side by willows like those so dear to Constable. Their trembling pendant leaves are reflected in its limpid waters, which are spanned by little bridges and bordered by smooth-shaven lawns that irresistibly recall Cambridge. All the larger buildings, the churches, library, museum, are true to what we ordinarily call the Early English type — simple, unadorned, restrained, lacking striking lines, and owing all they are to the stone alone, to square-hewn stone joined with that plastic art that bespeaks the skill of immemorial craftsmanship.

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This is one of the characteristics that distinguish Christchurch from all the rest of the colonial world. Your conventional colonist is an exile in barracks and bungalows, who soon loses all sense of stonework — so much so that when in the course of time he reaches the point where he wishes to erect more ambitious buildings, he cannot stop halfway, but makes the leap directly from wood to steel and concrete. I noticed in a Government publication upon New Zealand a picture of the new State Insurance Office, under which was this legend: 'Faced with Marble' — as if that were something remarkable! Here at Christchurch, only fourteen years after the first colonists set foot upon the site, and when the town had only 6423 souls, the citizens laid the corner stone of their cathedral, which is still the largest and noblest example of religious architecture south of the equator.

Its builders designed this structure to be a monument, an eternal memorial in stone, with flying buttresses and towers. They were like those men of the Middle Ages who, when they built their cathedrals, carved in fine marble and on the bas-reliefs of the altars and pulpits designs that commemorated the religious origin of their city. And to-day this cathedral in the heart of Christchurch is the centre of the city's life — a little Piazza del Duomo of the Antipodes, where all the principal thoroughfares meet. That fact alone, regarded from the colonial point of view, is most remarkable. Nowhere else is the centre of a colonial city the cathedral. It is invariably the principal business street, the main artery of the city's trade. Christchurch is the only town that has reproduced the traditional structure of an historical city. That is why I say that when I reached Christchurch history again overtook me.

In thus determining the form of their new settlement the Canterbury Pilgrims probably wanted to express a thought, to give material utterance to their philosophy of life. They wished to show that the power of an empire is secure only when it is guided by some higher inspiration. We may regard the British Commonwealth of Nations as an immense articulation of privileges and interests, as a world trust of pounds sterling and steam horsepowers, with the King of England as president of its board of directors. But a man errs radically who does not perceive likewise in this Empire's tremendous vitality the presence and the bidding of a profound idealism. This is not accidental. Ever since the days of the Stuarts each great colonial expansion of England has coincided with some profound stirring of the nation's religious conscience. An Italian needs only to put his foot outside of Europe to understand that Wesley has been as important a British Empire builder as Lord Durham or Lord Hastings. In the same way that Gibraltar or Cape Town or Calcutta are symbols of the commercial and strategic structure of that Empire, Christchurch is a symbol of its moral structure.

Let me repeat, nothing great is ever created in the world except in the service of those values that give meaning and measure to life — unless, in a word, it is founded on the spirit. *Speculum Angliæ*, a brand from the home hearth of English faith and culture carried to the farthest confines of a new and remote world, Christchurch is the symbol and embodiment of this truth.

'In the beginning was the Word' — that is the motto of Christchurch. It may well serve as the motto of many things yet to come.

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BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN[1]

A REHEARSAL AT THE OPÉRA IN PARIS

[THE opera *Esther*, by André Dumas and Sébastien-Charles Leconte, with music by Antoine Mariotte, was first produced at the Odéon in 1912. There has recently been a revival at the Paris Opéra, rehearsals for which are described in the present article.]

IT is proverbially a difficult business trying to stir or amuse respectable people. Every day a prodigious amount of labor and ingenuity is expended to achieve this result.

To realize how great it is, let us make an impromptu journey to-day on the stage of the Opéra during rehearsal. We behold the splendor of the palace of Ahasuerus by daylight — which is sufficiently disillusioning. One might almost think the king of kings already acquainted with the technique of our modern collapsible houses, for his dwelling consists of wooden panels, each bearing a number, which can be assembled with amazing speed; and, contrary to what we have always been taught, Asiatic architecture appears to be easily adaptable to the flimsiest of building-materials. In this gigantic palace at Susa everything consists of deal board and painted canvas. The stairway in particular is nothing but a few spruce planks hastily adjusted on trestles. Decidedly, the luxury of Persian civilization has been exaggerated!

But cheer up! By the magic of light and the artful devices of the painters, all this coarse woodwork will in a few hours be giving the impression of rosy brick, marble, porphyry, onyx, and green bronze. To misquote Victor Hugo, to-day you see nothing but the 'planks of the throne,' but to-morrow you will be admiring the velvet.

The cruel Esther has just obtained from her too complacent spouse his permission to have all the enemies of her race massacred. The archers of the palace are to annihilate in the twinkling of an eye all the anti-Semites of the district, and meantime in her barbaric kiosk stands the fiercely triumphant Queen intoxicated with her victory, as a lamentable group of wounded comes rushing upon the stage. Like a bloody wave, they sweep up to her very feet, the whole throng of the dying, quivering with the last spasms of their agony.

M. Chéreau, the chief *régisseur* of the Opéra, who knows by experience that a good mob-effect in the theatre is always due to art, organizes chaos with scientific methods. First of all, it will not do to upset the musical arrangement of the chorus. Here are, to be sure, bereaved mothers, terrified wives, and ferocious warriors, but they must never for a moment forget that they also are sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and bassos, and that the key to the situation is in the hands of M. Ruhlmann, the distinguished conductor, who must not let a single groan or a solitary cry of despair be emitted at the wrong moment.

The trick of the whole thing consists in making this crowd of singers give the audience an impression of spontaneity and independence, the while remaining completely prisoners in the

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Illustrated literary weekly), *May* 9

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invisible grip of the music. It is necessary to obtain a picturesque 'row' without breaking the impalpable threads that fasten each individual to the baton of the conductor in order to avoid disaster. Not a single soprano must leave her own group and stray in among the contraltos lest disaster result, for a chorus singer must be disorderly with due order, reckless with discipline, and violent with submission. The rhythm of the music rigorously controls all this apparent confusion. No matter how great their sorrow, the agonized wife and the sobbing orphan must never for a moment forget that they are cursing their destiny in the key of E flat and breathing despair in three-four time; and they must count three sighs and a half-sigh before they indulge themselves in their heart-rending plaint. Pathos in the opera consists in pouring out passion tempered by the laws of solfeggio.

The thing is done by placing carefully chosen chorus-leaders at certain strategic points, to help pass on the directions. The technique of a musical performance is very like military tactics. In the conductor's desk is a generalissimo who gives the orders and takes the responsibility; but his orders must be communicated to the distant troops, for some of his soldiers are out of sight, part of them masked behind canvas trenches, others hidden behind a painted mountain, while still others are compelled to turn their backs to him in order to satisfy the stage directions. Yet all this army must obey his finger and his glance. Consequently communication officers are scattered in every corner of the battlefield, whose business it is to see that orders are obeyed. Moreover, an electric button controlled by the conductor's foot will flash in the wings a luminous warning from G. H. Q., so that everyone is informed of the zero hour. Marshaled in squads or battalions and solidly arrayed, the chorus singers and the supers will march fearlessly to victory.

The public does not always suspect the complexity of this preparation, which must combine the impression of life with the expression of art. The dying must die in a decorative way. Their groups and their apparent turbulence must create lines and volumes which satisfy the eye. The angle of all the brandished arms stretched in despair toward the pitiless sovereigns must be calculated. The collective passions must be given a style of their own. It would be childishly foolish to expect realism and lifelikeness in the movements of a crowd on the operatic stage.

Here we are living in a land of convention. No matter what we do, we shall not escape the dominion of the artificial, and under these conditions it is wiser frankly to respect the rules of the game than to make a stupid attempt to avoid them. The stage manager therefore must try to suggest, or arouse by the association of ideas, the sentiments which control formless crowds. To do that, he will borrow largely from the conventions of painting and from the classic attitudes of the masterpieces of statuary and the technique of the dancer; and to express the passions of his massive chorus and supers he will carefully mingle among them dancers who, being more supple and more elegant than the others, will better express the joy or the sorrow of their companions in the front row. This plastic orchestration, too, must have its chosen soloists.

Finally, the artists must be induced to make an effort at reincarnation, which will enable them to adopt readily the customs of civilization as it existed in the fifth century before the Christian era. One accomplishes this quickly enough by the magic virtue of the prop-

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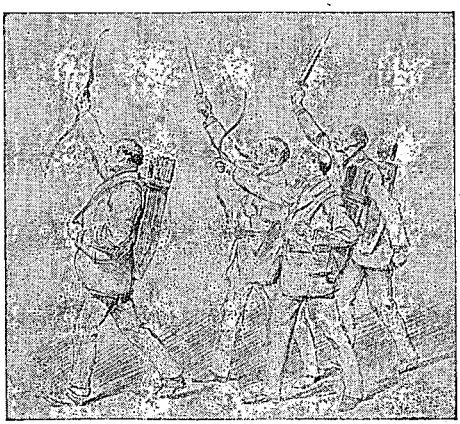
erties. Imponderable riches crystallize about such things as sceptres, shields, arms, and furniture. One need but let these talismans do their work in order to set memories, visions, and suggestions both artistic and literary to flourishing in the imagination. Things read or things seen in visits to museums rise in the memory. Instinctively the modern man who handles those familiar objects which belonged to his most distant ancestors begins to assume the gestures and attitudes that tradition and convention attribute to them. Consequently directors are careful to have many rehearsals 'with properties' even before the costumes are finished. The chorus man must get used to carrying a quiver on his shoulders, and to handling a bow or a lance — this in spite of the fact that he is wearing an ordinary business-suit and has a derby hat cocked over one ear. Bit by bit he will take on the mentality of an archer in ancient Susa.



The transformation will be unconscious, but on the day when the costumer dresses him in his long tunic, and when the coiffeur has ennobled his profile with a wig made up of curls in regular rows and a tubular beard as rigid as a fringe of gold or ebony, his metamorphosis will be instantaneous. That is why the correct gentleman who in private life is M. Rouard brandishes in the face of Mlle. Yvonne Galle the

long sceptre of a monarch which has already created in him the soul of a king of kings. The fact is that in the theatre the habit makes the monk. One must understand the use of this psychological element whose influence is decisive.

We are touching the other side of a dream. There may be some guilty imprudence in this curiosity, like that of children who are often tempted to take their toys apart to see how they work. They learn the secret mechanism that fascinated them, but the toy is broken. Grown-up children must not commit the same blunder. One must not linger too long in the study of the world behind the stage. It is enough to cast a glance in passing, as we have done, to learn with how much courage and talent the work goes forward there; but the spectator must not give up the privilege of occupying the better place at the theatre, the place for which such infinite material and intellectual riches have been poured out — and that place is before the footlights. There alone one has the privilege of never seeing the chrysalis and of admiring only the butterfly.

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SWEDEN, LAND OF DEMOCRACY [1]

BY GABRIELLE REVAL

A DEMOCRATIC spirit actually reigns in Scandinavia. All that I have read, heard, and seen here impresses me with the fact that for a century this Peninsula has been free from war; the wealth of the State and the labor of lawmakers have been concentrated upon making life happier, combating sickness, poverty, and alcoholism, and giving the cities and the homes of the people improved sanitation, greater comfort, and more beauty.

No country in Europe has better hospitals, schools, and public institutions than Goteborg and Stockholm. During the holidays I did not see in the streets of the latter city a single beggar or a single drunken person. The only evidence of poverty in this beautiful capital was the kettles swung at street corners to receive offerings 'for the poor children's Christmas tree.' I could not pick out these children among the throngs of little folks on the way to school, because they do not show the external evidences of poverty we see in France. I have found no slums, because there are no more slums either at Stockholm or at Goteborg. I have found none of those miserable hovels that form a crown of thorns around our great industrial cities.

Goteborg is the great port of Sweden. The trade of the Baltic and the North Sea meets at its wharves. Ships from all parts of the world come hither for cargoes of iron, steel, wood, paper, and salt fish, and to leave here the foreign products Scandinavia consumes. Ancient commerce has enriched its citizens. The old town, clustered at the mouth of a river, is exceedingly picturesque with its crisscross of canals and its ancient timber, granite, and brick houses, their colors subdued to soft gray tones by the sharp sea air. Since the war Goteborg has spread out in all directions. It has ascended the river valley and scaled the surrounding hills. Its schools and hospitals are set on the heights where the air is purest, and its workingmen's cottages in the sheltered valleys.

Sweden's schools are a direct revelation of the democratic spirit of the country. The young woman who showed me around Goteborg explained that her country had long since established common schools where rich and poor, masters and servants, are taught in the same classes. Children enter when about six years old, and remain to the fourteenth year. Pupils who show sufficient intelligence and interest in their work may continue their studies to the professional school. Tuition is absolutely free. The extent of the educational facilities provided is determined solely by the recipient's capacity to profit by them.

I remarked to my companion that public opinion in France opposed common schools for all classes of the population, because the middle classes feared their children might fall into evil associations there; and that this fear explained in part — aside from all religious questions — the conflict between private and public schools in my country.

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *March* 21

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The lady merely laughed at this.

'Why should we be so solicitous to have our children meet only children of certain social rank,' she asked, 'when we have a Minister of Finance who began life as a shoemaker, and another Cabinet Member who started out as a carpenter? Personal merit is the only thing that counts here. So much worse for the "son of his father."'

One school that I visited stands on a rocky summit formerly occupied by a fortress. The building is imposing and massive, and well lighted by large windows that make it cheerful even on gray, foggy days. During recess the little folks played with a wild energy that proved them to be true descendants of the vikings. I found the classrooms large, warm, airy, and attractive. The interest of the pupils was kept alert by the pictures and charts upon the walls, by sketches on the blackboards, and by sand-tables so arranged that they could model with their own hands relief maps of the countries and natural divisions whose geography they were studying.

The dead languages receive relatively slight attention, and German and English are given precedence. At one time French had the place of honor, but the practical demands of a trading people have caused it to be supplanted.

Among the classes I visited was one consisting of little girls who were taking a lesson in painting. Their intelligent teacher gave them as a model excellent panels representing popular patterns of ancient Dalecarlian embroidery, from which the pupils borrowed suggestions for their own designs for collars and needlework, china decoration, and the like. Their faculties of observation and invention were thus stimulated by models of exquisite taste. In another class children were learning to sew and make garments, and in still another they were being taught practical housekeeping. Classes take turns of a week in the school kitchen, where they prepare the excellent and dainty school-lunches. I saw little girls running modern ranges, washing utensils and tables, preparing dressings, thawing out stockfish, and even making the appetizing pastries that are customarily served at Christmas time.

These girls wore in the kitchen a dainty uniform of pale-blue cotton, white aprons, and little peaked caps. They courtsied gracefully in the Swedish fashion when I entered. In a neighboring room a class of boys were doing carpentry work, making accurately mortised and dovetailed stools and boxes. They gave me the double salute, according to Swedish custom, when I came in. Thus every child is taught a useful trade. He or she leaves the school trained for a vocation that will afford support in case of need.

Another thing that delighted me was the care the teachers took of the health of their pupils. A dentist examines the children's teeth every two weeks or so; physicians examine their noses, ears, throats, and eyes; and in case the parents are poor, arrangements are made to give those who need it gratuitous treatment. This same concern for rearing up healthy and vigorous citizens for the State explains the school bath. In the basement of the building I visited were showers where the children were compelled to bathe before entering the swimming-pool. During their baths their linen is washed and dried and their clothes are fumigated. They come up from the basement shining like new pennies from the mint.

A prominent Swedish sociologist and economist said to me the other day that it was his dream to see at least a shower bath in every home in

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Sweden, even if there was not a tub. Such habits of personal cleanliness inculcated in children can hardly fail to have an excellent influence upon their moral conduct and individual self-respect.

Rhythmic gymnastics hold a large place in the school curriculum. Exercises that require agility, such as jumping, bending, leaping, and ladder-climbing, have been substituted for the acrobatic stunts and feats of strength that were formerly popular. The present training equips the children for their favorite winter sports, skating and skiing, and for canoeing in the summer.

One can easily see that a child of the working classes who has been educated in a public school of this kind demands a high standard of living. He will hardly tolerate being crowded into a dark, ill-ventilated, and unsanitary tenement when he grows up. Probably the working classes of Sweden never were herded into such slums as we have in our large cities — into the great barracks, loathsome with the stenches of poverty, sickness, and vice, and the narrow, airless, fetid-guttered streets that we still find in the old sections of Paris. Municipal authorities in Scandinavia, and particularly in Goteborg, have exerted themselves to provide workingmen's suburbs that are comfortable, cheerful, and pleasing to the view — houses that are really homes.

I visited the newer section of the city, laid out in workingmen's quarters. These filled me with joy. They seemed to prophesy the dawn of a new age when every man who lives and labors will have a reasonable share of the comforts of the world. My guide was one of the architects of the suburb we visited.

Conceive, as the centre, a park planted with beautiful trees, handsomely laid out, and surrounded by cottages of a design that suggests a Norman chalet. The foundations are of stone, the remainder of wood. Each dwelling has large double windows and a tiny covered porch, and is surrounded by a little garden. I selected at hazard one of these coquettish cottages, which the winter had robbed of its setting of flowers and verdure. My companion knocked at the door, and the lady of the house consented to let us see it. It was 10 A.M., and her home was already tidied up for the day. She left her kitchen to show us a little drawing-room with a sofa, a piano, and a table with an embroidered table-cover. Engravings and family photographs hung on the wall. A clock ticked on the mantel. It was like the home of a French middle-class family in a provincial town. The dining-room had a sideboard and a hanging lamp. On the table lay the morning paper and a Sunday supplement containing as much reading-matter as an ordinary book.

There were rugs everywhere. A sewing machine stood near the double window, and in place of a grate a large porcelain stove kept the apartment warm and cozy. In the kitchen, which opened off the dining-room, I saw a gas range instead of the charcoal ranges we use in France. There were hot water and electricity. Descending to the basement, I inspected a bathroom and a cellar containing provisions and canned goods that the lady had put up herself. These workingmen's tenements have two bedchambers. The floor above, which was laid out on a similar plan, was rented to another family.

When I asked what the employment of the head of the family was, I was told that he worked in a cement factory. Inquiring further, I learned that the municipality of

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Goteborg has devoted six or eight large tracts of land in the neighborhood to workingmen's suburbs, prescribing the type of cottages that shall be built upon them. A private company has subdivided these tracts, built streets and put in improvements, and erected houses. The tenants have a choice between taking a long lease or buying outright. If they elect to purchase, they can borrow money either from the bank or from the municipality. The houses cost from twelve to twenty thousand crowns — from $3200 to $5400. A borrower pays the bank monthly installments only slightly larger than he would pay for rent. Even if he prefers to lease at first, he can purchase later, on favorable terms.

These suburbs have excellent tramway service to the centre of the city. When walking through their streets, bordered as they are by gardens and red, yellow, white, and gray cottages, I felt as if I were in a watering-place.

Of course, all the working people in Sweden do not yet live in homes as pleasant as the one just described. There are not enough of the new tenements for that. In order to provide those who live in older sections of the city with a little country air, several garden suburbs have been established. The one I had an opportunity to see was near Stockholm, on the road that leads to the Royal Palace. It lies between a forest and the sea, for the sea is everywhere here, thrusting long fingers into the land in all directions. I found two or three hundred little wooden cabins painted in Scandinavian fashion red, apple green, or silver gray. Each of these cabins, which contained usually but a single room, stands in a garden, where the workman plants flowers or vegetables, as he may choose. He spends most of his time here on the days when he is not at work. Some are so fond of their tiny estates that they cook their meals and pass the night in their cabins.

These little allotments rent for as low as ten crowns — $2.80 — a year. Prizes are given for the best gardens and the most beautiful flowers and finest vegetables.

Some philosopher has said: 'Give a man a desert and he will make it a paradise. Give him a paradise and he will make it a desert.' Sweden confirms the first part of this saying, for her people have certainly made their stern, dour native land a paradise.

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AT THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS[1]

BY DOCTOR LUDWIG ASCHOFF

[DOCTOR LUDWIG ASCHOFF is Professor of Pathology at the University of Freiburg.]

THE civil war in China had spoiled our plan of visiting Peking. We were held up at Tsinan, the capital of Shantung. I decided, therefore, that if I could not see the Northern capital I would at least visit the grave of Confucius, which was safely accessible. Tsinan is famous because it is in the vicinity of the holiest mountain in China, Tai-shan, and only a little more distant from K'iuh-fow, the birthplace and burial place of the greatest of the Chinese sages.

Even this journey was not as easy as it would have been in times of peace. Trains were running on very irregular schedules and only at night — and October nights in China are uncomfortably chilly. We had to wait several hours at the station, which was so crowded with intending passengers that it was difficult to push one's way through the throng. The first-class waiting-room was a little better. A few rich Chinamen with their servants or members of their family were its only occupants. Besides the usual oilcloth-covered seats, this room had regular sleeping-benches covered with mats, where one could lie at length.

When our train at length arrived I was astonished at the roominess and convenience of the first- and the second-class compartments. As we traveled at night, I had no opportunity of seeing the dining-car and the club-car. A porter brought us immediately clean pillows and bedding. Our train kept the usual express schedule of thirty or forty miles an hour. Powerful search-lights were mounted at its front and rear, brightly illuminating the roadbed and the buildings along the way. On the last car, also, was a machine-gun ready for instant use. I supposed these were exceptional precautions on account of the war, but learned from my fellow passengers that they were usual also in times of peace, and were designed for defense against bandits.

My traveling companion, the director of the Japanese hospital at Tsinan and a very competent surgeon, told me that he was often called upon to treat people who had been wounded in fights with these robbers. The latter pick out their victims carefully. They never interfere with an ordinary person. A poor German professor like myself might roam all over China undisturbed; but the son of a rich estate-owner or a wealthy merchant is never safe. A band of brigands will kidnap and carry off such a person in broad daylight. Then negotiations for his ransom begin. There are lawyers who make a special business of handling such cases. Meanwhile the victim is kept in some remote hiding-place and carefully guarded. No immediate harm is likely to come to him, for were he to die all hope of ransom would vanish.

My surgeon friend related one instance that came to his knowledge where a recently married son of a wealthy family was torn away from his

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily) *May 5*

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bride, who suffered a serious wound in the skirmish. About a year later, when his ransom had been paid, the young husband came back, but with a very pretty second wife. The robbers had given him this young girl, whom they had kidnapped from another family of means, thus making more secure the double ransom.

I was soon sound asleep in spite of my secret fear of bandits, who a short time previously had robbed a whole train on this line. We reached the station, K'iuh-fow, about 2:30 A.M. The railway company maintains a hotel here, built in the style of a Chinese temple. We were given a room with comfortable beds, and were able to get several hours' sleep before 7 A.M., when we were awakened for breakfast.

After a very satisfactory meal we set forth for K'iuh-fow proper, which according to local records is one of the oldest towns in China. It lies a good three hours' journey from the railway station, over an ungraded road, impassable in rainy weather, that has been traced by the wheels of Chinese carts.

Our party set forth in these primitive two-wheeled conveyances. Each accommodated with difficulty two persons under its low roof, and was drawn by mules. The driver ran along beside us. As the road was full of deep ruts, and the carts had no springs, I found this mode of locomotion a veritable torture. I could not sit upright on account of the low roof, against which I bumped my head every time the vehicle gave a violent lurch. During the latter half of the trip, after crossing a river of some size, I walked.

Our route lay across a treeless plain dotted with little villages. Every inch of the soil was cultivated, but most of the crops had already been gathered. In a few places, however, I saw fields of sweet potatoes and peanuts that still awaited digging.

Numerous burial-mounds were scattered over the fields in little groups, each constituting a family graveyard. The dead thus repose in the soil that fed them during their lifetime. These tombs are merely round knolls, with occasionally a stone or a cluster of acacias on top of them. We saw one or two more pretentious cemeteries with images of animals. It was not unusual to see an uncovered coffin lying in the fields waiting until the family had time to cover it. Such a grave may remain intact for several generations before the plough encroaches upon it and it eventually becomes tilled ground again.

As we drew nearer to K'iuh-fow we noticed that these graves were less numerous. We passed several typical Chinese peasant villages, consisting of mud huts thatched with straw and circular threshing-floors of trodden clay. The grain is spread upon these floors and threshed by pulling a heavy stone roller over it by hand. Our little caravan attracted great attention, less on account of our European clothing than on account of a policeman whom a high local official had insisted should accompany us. He was not much protection, for he carried no weapons, and would probably have absconded at the first sign of danger; but we paid him a good fee, and that is the way that the Government supports its servants.

When we were about an hour from K'iuh-fow the gables of the great temple-group of Confucius appeared on the horizon. Encouraged by this, we hastened our steps. Soon we observed a long wall on the left, which the road approached and skirted. It was difficult to estimate how large an area this wall enclosed, but the side of the quadrangle along which we passed must have been two or three hundred yards in length. This wall did not enclose, as we imagined at first, the village of K'iuh-fow. We could also see

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that the temple group lay to the right of it. No, the enclosure was merely the great cemetery of the Confucius family. The whole district of K'iuh-fow is inhabited principally by direct or collateral descendants of Confucius, and they have elected to be buried together. That explained why we saw so few graves in the neighboring fields. The cemetery has an ornamental gate and is maintained by endowments presented to it by different emperors. This probably explains why, in contrast to so many temples and other holy places in China, it is kept in excellent condition. An avenue of cedars leads to a second gate, which is also of elaborate architectural design. On account of the dry climate, however, these cedars are not to be compared with those around the Shinto temples in Japan. Their tops were brown and withered, and even their verdant branches and their trunks were white with dust.

We turned to the left and reached a third gate, beyond which was a bridge — not over a real, but an imaginary, stream. We were now in the special cemetery that contains the tomb of Confucius. Walking along the so-called Road of Honor, where stone images of animals of more than life-size kept silent guard on either hand, we came to the Incense Hall at its end. This was guarded by two human figures carved in stone, of more than twice natural size — the 'Exalted Uncles.' Passing through the Incense Hall, we reached a rather large enclosure surrounded by a separate wall, on the northern side of which lies the grave of Confucius. On the right and the left of the pathway thither stood Imperial pagodas and stone statues. Passing the grave of the son and the grandson of the Sage, we reached the latter's tomb.

Emperors and kings have built monuments to themselves that have lasted through centuries, but I know no other tomb of a simple man of the people that is more than two thousand years old that still occupies its original site and that has the same form that it had when it was first constructed. It seems to symbolize the power of tradition in Chinese life. There lies the little tumulus a few yards high upon which new earth is strewn whenever rain and wind wear it away. Within lies all that was mortal of Confucius. In front of the tomb is a great stone tablet bearing a simple inscription in Chinese characters: 'Grave of the Most Holy.' That is all — a grave standing quiet, almost lonely, entirely unadorned, in the midst of an immense cemetery that has gradually grown up around it in the course of twenty-four hundred years. The man who does not think of eternity here has no sense of the relation of man to time and space.

Close to the grave stands a little, simple, low structure — the Mourning House, in which the disciples of Confucius mourned for their master for several years after his death.

We next visited the original temple of Confucius in his birthplace, K'uih-fow, leaving the cemetery by the same road by which we came. Not far from the entrance we met a funeral procession. The coffin had just been set down to allow the bearers to rest. The relatives of the deceased wore white garments and white headcloths as a sign of mourning. We could not learn whether the deceased was a near or a distant member of the Confucius family.

Entering our carts at the gate, we drove along a dusty highway to the little town. Thick walls with gates surrounded it. We passed through narrow streets and halted to receive a reply to the respects we had presented beforehand, with our visiting-cards, to the local Government representative. That officer's messenger, a tall, slender Chinaman about forty years old, wear-

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ing a long black coat and looking remarkably like a Catholic priest, promptly presented himself. He was the uncle of the young head of the Confucian clan, who is the seventy-third descendant in the direct line of the great Sage. As this young headman is only six years old, he is represented by his uncle on all official occasions. Our cards and recommendations had apparently produced an impression. The family representative himself would show us around. We entered the great temple-enclosure through one of its four gates, and were ceremoniously conducted to one of the large temples, placed at regular intervals, through which the approach to the last and the special temple of Confucius lies. Its great hall was formerly a library, part of whose treasures were destroyed by fire and part transferred to Peking.

We were served tea here and ate the luncheon we had brought with us. Thus refreshed after our morning's exertions, we proceeded to the principal temple. As fortune would have it, the young head of the clan was just then being led through the temple courts by his mother. His uncle accompanied him. A bodyguard of Chinese soldiers followed at a respectful distance. When we passed the party the uncle approached us in order to introduce us to his nephew and the latter's mother, who might have been anywhere between thirty and forty years old, and wore heavy black-silk trousers and a long jacket. The little lad himself had a fresh, wholesome, boyish face, but was already wearing a long adult's gown and a black-silk cap adorned with a pearl ornament shaped like a fan. We shook hands in silence, as we were not able to converse with him.

I thought to myself, during this presentation, what a wonderfully interesting subject for the student of heredity the family of Confucius would afford. It still resides on the same spot where its progenitors have lived for more than twenty-four hundred years, and even allowing for the fact that adoption is common in China, it has still preserved its blood reasonably intact. And the adoptions themselves have been conscientiously recorded in the family annals. But no such investigation would in any likelihood be permitted, for the Chinese are intensely averse to such prying into their private affairs, and above all to the physical measurements such an inquiry would involve. The father of the young Confucius died from a carbuncle a few months before the latter's birth, while on a journey to Peking — in all probability unnecessarily, for the family obstinately resisted his wish to consult a European physician.

We watched the strange procession gradually disappear into the temple halls and then strolled over the so-called 'Apricot Hill,' where it is related that Confucius paused in rapt admiration of the beauty of the apricot blossoms, to the main temple. This structure is famous on account of the ten monolith columns carved in high relief that support its southern vestibule. Within is a statue of Confucius of more than life-size, adorned with Imperial emblems. The Sage is represented in a sitting position, below curtains of heavy, many-colored silk.

As we were leaving the temple we received a courteous invitation to call upon the head of the family. The members reside in a great group of houses surrounded, like all Chinese homesteads, by a lofty wall. We entered through a brightly painted gateway, where sentries gave us a military salute, which I returned. The first courtyard, with its buildings, is occupied by the officers and soldiers of the bodyguard. I do not know what emperor first

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decreed that the descendants of the Sage should enjoy this honor, but evidently the Republic has continued it. We proceeded through two or three more courtyards whose buildings were occupied by officials, particularly those entrusted with the administration of the Confucius estate, and at last reached the residence proper. Its courtyard was shaded by a canvas awning. On the southern side was a reception hall, on the north the dwelling-quarter, and on the right and left accessory buildings. In one of the latter we saw many toys — a wooden hobbyhorse, a cart, and similar articles, such as one might find at home. We were conducted with great ceremony to the reception hall, where tea was served.

I was disappointed to find this apartment half modernized. It contained both European and Chinese furniture, and some shockingly bad European porcelains. We had a long conversation with the uncle, through an interpreter, followed by a stroll through a beautiful garden, with all sorts of artificial rivers and lakelets, pretty pavilions, terraced flower beds, and hothouses. In the latter the chrysanthemums and other flowers used to beautify the courtyard are raised. But the place did not have the gracious charm of a Japanese garden or the freshness and verdure of a German park.

We did not see the little Confucius again, but trust that his dignities are not made too much of a burden for him. I was curious to learn how the direct descendants of the great Sage employ themselves. My companion assured me that the members of the family are all deep students of Chinese thought and letters, particularly the Confucian doctrine and related systems of Chinese philosophy.

Thus ended a unique experience — a visit to the birthplace and last resting-place of a wise man, whose tomb is untouched by what we call modern progress, and in all probability looks the same as it did more than two thousand years ago.

ZAMFIR NERON'S VINEYARD[1]

BY M. KOTSIUBINSKII

Zamfir Neron, a robust Moldavian of thirty, finished his mug of wine, rose from the table and, with a contented smile on his flushed and sunburned face, turned to his wife.

'Clean up quick, Mariora, while I harness the horses. We're going to the vineyard.'

'Good!' answered the young woman, reclasping the broad copper bracelet that had unfastened itself on her tanned arm.

'Vineyard! Vineyard!' the two children shrieked wildly, running after their father and waving half-eaten pieces of mamalyga in the air, nearly overturning the table in their excitement.

'God's punishment, you children!' scolded the mother as she picked up dishes and spoons that had rolled upon the floor. Mariora's slow movements,

[1] From the volume *Dlia Zahalnoho Dobra*, Moldavian peasant annals

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her pallid complexion, and the drawn corners of her mouth bespoke fatigue and overwork. Her stooped shoulders, although she was only twenty-five, made her look almost like an old woman. Nevertheless her big, black, beautiful Southern eyes under their finely arched brows bespoke a great store of energy within. She tidied up the house and, standing before the mirror, adjusted her black laced bodice and the broad embroidered sleeves of her chemise, under which copper and glass bracelets glimmered with every motion.

Zamfir brought his new, gayly painted cart before the door, pulling hard to hold in check his well-groomed, hot-tempered horses. The happy faces and black eyes of the two children peeked out of the cart, which a moment later was rattling down the street, scattering flocks of ducks and chickens in all directions and exciting the idle dogs to fury. Neighbors who sat at their doors in their Sunday finery shaded their eyes with their hands and watched the party pass with an approving smile.

Zamfir's handsome face and black eyes shone with pride. With the muscular arms that held his horses firmly in check he had built up all the wealth that now made him, but lately a poor boy, the equal of the best farmers in the village.

Down the bank of the Prut the family drove past broad stretches of green meadow flooded with sunshine. Villages dotted the country across the river. Three yoke of oxen were pulling a big black barge against the current, while an old man in a red fez leaned against the tiller. A shaggy white dog sat at his feet and quietly surveyed the passing landscape. Several rafts drifted lazily downstream, and now and then the wind brought a few notes of the *kolomiika*, the song with which the Galician raftsmen while away their placid, drifting hours.

At a crossroads another cart, also containing a peasant family, came abreast. The two peasants exchanged an understanding glance. Both slackened their reins and spoke to their horses. The latter gave a start and dashed off like arrows. A pedestrian whom they passed stopped to watch them. The children, their big black eyes dilated with joy, gripped firmly the edges of the cart.

Here was the vineyard. Zamfir wiped his hot face with the sleeve of his shirt, sprang to the ground, unharnessed his horses and let them loose in a green paddock. The family walked in among the vines that rambled in their luxuriance across the neatly braided basket-hedge and fastened their tendrils around those of the neighboring vineyard. They seemed to pour down the hillside in a sea of foliage mottled with all shades of green.

Zamfir loved his vineyard. These few acres of land, planted thick with vines and sheltered on the north by ancient walnuts, willows, and quinces, he had inherited from his father — and who knows, probably his grandfather and great-grandfather had owned them before. As a small boy he had crept between the great twisted stems, plucking a grape here and there, and he had known almost from infancy every foot of the ground. Yonder under the walnut trees he used to meet secretly on holiday eves the slender, black-eyed Mariora. Later they planted there a cutting of a new variety that had now grown into a big, vigorous vine.

Pushing aside the leaves, Zamfir disclosed great clusters of grapes pulling the stems low with their weight.

'An abundant vintage, please God, this year,' thought Zamfir. His chest expanded and his eyes danced at the sight of plenty. His was a choice bit of

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grape land. His wine was like fire. That was why he never had to carry his grapes to market. The traders came of their own accord to buy them. If the Lord pleases, he will make a good profit this year, with wine for the family besides.

Thus Zamfir walked between the vines, adjusting a prop here, pinching off a dead leaf there. To be sure, it was Sunday, and a man should not work on Sundays; but then this is no sin in the vineyard, for the vines, like bread, are a gift of God. For instance, just here the leaves are so thick that they keep the sunshine from the grapes — a few must be removed; and there an idle runner drinks the sap of the vine for nothing — it must be broken off; and yonder the heavy bunches have bent the vine until it touches the ground — it must be tied up quickly, for it would be a sin to let the fruit waste thus. All the eye sees here is the fruit of labor, peasant labor: and how much of that this land has absorbed! Fathers and forefathers, from time immemorial, have left their strength in this soil. That is why the vines grow so luxuriantly now. And Zamfir himself — no little of his own strength has he buried here too.

But where is Mariora? He searches for her, and finds her standing between two tall vines, her head pensively supported upon her palm.

'Mariora! What do you feel bad about? We do not have such a harvest every season as the Lord has sent this year, praise be to Him.'

'But I keep thinking — people are talking, you know — '

'Talking about what?'

'They say some kind of doctors go around the villages and spoil vineyards. They say there are bad vines, sick ones, and then they chop them down and burn them.'

'Chop down vines?' Zamfir exclaimed. True, he has heard those rumors himself, down at Reni. They said the doctors burned the vines and then poisoned the ground. But strange doctors ruin his property! He will shoot the first one who enters the vineyard! Yet nobody will try. That's all nonsense. People say everything.

But when Zamfir got home, something evidently had happened in the village. People were gathered in groups in the street, with something exciting to tell. But the formal greetings were never omitted. When these were exchanged, they began talking all together: —

'A paper! A paper from the Government!'

The report that the doctors were actually coming struck Zamfir like a thunderbolt. So the gossip was right. A few went to the village office and asked the clerk what the doctors wanted. But he could not explain — he knew very little himself.

'He said "sickness,"' pondered Zamfir, 'sickness in the vines.' Then he asked aloud in a composed but ominous voice, 'Where does this sickness come from?'

'From the wind,' the clerk answered.

'Sickness! We have drunk our wine, and our fathers drank it before us, and, thank God, they have lived to be old men and were healthy. Where is the sickness now? You're telling us there is the law — '

'You cannot go against the law,' the scribe repeated, looking important.

'Law, law! We have all heard that before. Whenever there is any injustice to be done, law is the answer. Did the law plant our vines, so it has the right to root them up now? Did the law labor over them in the sweat of its brow? Is there a law which can take our bread from our mouths and make our children beggars? We have a law of our own; we have guns, and let anyone touch our vines who dares.'

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When he returned home, Zamfir saw the dismay on his wife's face. She asked no questions, but looked at him with inquiring eyes.

'Don't be afraid,' he said; 'nothing is going to happen to us. I can look after my own' — and he scowled at the old Turkish musket that hung on the wall.

That night, when the excited people learned that the three men who had driven up to Loeshti that evening were the hated doctors, every housewife locked her doors and nobody would give the enemies shelter. Two sat for a long time in their cart, hungry and angry, cursing the ignorant peasants, while the third and the driver canvassed the village for lodgings. They were found after a long search in a miserable outlying hut, and presently the three men were discussing the situation over their frying eggs.

Meanwhile Zamfir was talking to a group of excited villagers.

'We'd better go and see the doctors ourselves. Let's find out first hand what they want!'

'That's sensible! Let's go!' echoed the crowd.

A group of peasants stepped into the hut where the philloxera commissioners were having their supper.

'What do you want, my good fellows?' Tikhovich, their chief, asked in Ukrainian.

'We don't understand your language. If you come to Bessarabia, talk Moldavian!' somebody shouted.

'I speak very little,' Tikhovich answered, blushing with embarrassment. 'I am afraid you might not understand me.'

'That's all right. We'll understand. Tell us what you came for.'

'I am sent here to inspect your vineyards and find out whether the philloxera has attacked them.'

'Philloxera? What is philloxera?'

'A little bug like the one you see on your maize or cucumbers, only still smaller. It lives on the vine roots and sucks their sap so that the plant dies sooner or later.'

'No one has ever seen it,' the men clamored angrily. 'Have n't we got old people who have lived a hundred years and never saw it? It's a new trick to get taxes out of us. We understand that.'

'I do not say it is in your vineyards. I have n't inspected them yet. And as to the old people not having seen it, that is because it has only recently been brought to Bessarabia on imported vines. It spreads very fast from vine to vine, from village to village, on your tools, on your boots, on the feet of the oxen. Then, late in the summer, the little bug grows wings, leaves the roots of the vine, and lays eggs on the leaves, flying from one vineyard to another. So, unless we stop it early, every vineyard in Bessarabia may be destroyed.'

'Well, what do you do if you find the pest?'

'What you do when you find a scabby sheep in your flock, only more. We kill, not only the infected vine, but the whole vineyard. We chop it down and burn it, and then put poison into the ground so that the philloxera dies together with the roots and cannot spread.'

This statement was met by a roar of protest from the little group that faced Tikhovich. 'So they do chop down whole vineyards and poison the sacred ground! What right have they to do it? What right? Did they give us those vineyards? Did they cultivate them? They are sorry for us because our vineyards will perish with the pest. Let them perish if such be God's will. You cannot go against His will. But you learned people, we know all about you. Yes, you cannot earn your bread by honest labor, so you hunt for phil-

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loxera! Hunt for something that no one has ever seen or heard about!'

'I advise you not to oppose us,' said Tikhovich, growing pale with excitement, but still intent upon persuading them, 'because the law will make you obey if you do not do so willingly.'

'Law? You learned doctors hide under the law like a turtle under its shell. But our fists are strong enough to smash the shell.'

Zamfir, his face drawn and white, his eyes glowing like coals, stepped close to Tikhovich's table and, making a tremendous effort to master his feelings, said: —

'*Domnule* Doctor! If you are a good man, take your laws and be gone!' And he gathered the papers spread on the table in a heap. 'Go out as quickly as you can, so that we may never hear of you again!'

Tikhovich was at a loss how to end the disturbing scene, but just then the oily voice of the village clerk rose above the clamor of the excited peasants: —

'What are you doing, you silly fools! *Cap di boy!* Ox-heads! The Government sends these men here, and you —'

Zamfir drew back from the table. The clamor subsided and several men backed toward the door. The clerk meanwhile stepped up close to 'the doctor' and began to explain effusively that he had noticed something peculiar in the taste of local wine of late, that it must be the phylloxera, that he, the clerk, was worrying about his health, and if the doctor thought it advisable he would give up using the local wine altogether.

Tikhovich reassured the fellow, and was soon left alone with his companions and his cares for the morrow.

It was a beautiful morning. A blue haze still hung over the Prut when the inspectors began their labors, but the air was as clear as a bell. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone brightly on the green acacias, the yellow reedy riverbanks, and the dew-covered highway. At first they thought the village was reconciled to their presence, but Tikhovich soon noticed that every woman whom they met shot hostile glances at them, turned away, and spat on the ground. Now and then a hairy fist was lifted behind a barnyard gate and shaken maliciously in the air. Muttered curses reached their ears. Children scattered at his approach, shouting, 'The doctors! The doctors that ruin vineyards!' The inspectors had difficulty hiring laborers to help them, for no one ventured to brave the anger of his fellow villagers. At last they persuaded a Gypsy, who pretended to be a Greek, to do so. He accompanied them with a servile stoop, apparently deaf to the epithet of *pharao* that the children shouted after him and to the mud balls they threw at him from behind the fences.

Stopping at the first large vineyard outside the village, the Gypsy was ordered to dig beside the first large vine, but carefully, so as not to harm the roots. The other two inspectors started the same work on the other side of the vineyard. The large roots were overgrown with a maze of tiny rootlets. The Gypsy cut a bunch of them off with his curved knife and handed them to Tikhovich for examination.

The latter was entirely absorbed in his work. Every eighth vine in a row was tested. Hour after hour slipped away as he inspected root after root. His eyes began to ache, and he lifted his glance for relief to the blue sky above. Not a cloud was in the heavens, not a breath of air was stirring. Across the Prut, in Rumania, a sentry stood leaning on his rifle, watching their labor from under the broad vizor of his cap. Oxen drew slowly past a cart whose huge wheels creaked mercilessly. Just

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then the tireless Gypsy thrust a new bunch of rootlets under Tikhovich's eyes. Again he began scrutinizing them through the magnifying glass. Not a trace of philloxera was found. An hour later, when Tikhovich raised his tired eyes toward the sky again, it no longer looked blue, but seemed a dark tangle of rootlets.

'Philloxera!' The shout came from Savchenko, the youngest inspector. Tikhovich felt a hot flash shoot down his back, and the blood left his face.

'Is — is it there?'

Tikhovich rushed to Savchenko, and the next moment was looking at the enemy, the tiny yellow insects that clustered in tight bunches on a small rootlet, while Savchenko and his helper disinfected their tools and the soles of their shoes. Just then the voice of Rudik, the third inspector, rose from another part of the vineyard, shouting, 'Philloxera! Philloxera!' and he approached Tikhovich holding in his hands a rootlet thickly covered with the yellow insects. Apparently the vineyard had been infected recently, but the pest had taken an unusually vigorous hold, and was likely to spread like wildfire.

Tikhovich wrote down the name of the owner: Zamfir Neron.

Two weeks passed. In the meantime more doctors came to Loeshti. They called the villagers to Zamfir's vineyard and showed them the pest. They showed it also to Zamfir, but each time he turned his head aside and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, refusing to believe that these tiny insects could possibly harm his fine, vigorous vines. He could not reconcile himself to the thought that the world was cruel and unjust enough to rob him thus of the fruits of his labor. People saw big iron casks brought up the mountain-side, and whispered, 'Poison! Poison!' But still Zamfir refused to believe. Hope struggled against a mad thirst for vengeance in the heart of the poor Moldavian.

A fine July morning smiled upon Loeshti. Mariora was cooking dinner in her outdoor kitchen. The feeble grandfather sat surrounded by the fowls, and the children were playing with the dogs. Just then a couple of young men rushed in shouting: 'Zamfir! Zamfir! Quick, quick! They're chopping down your vines!' The bowl of food slipped out of Mariora's hands, and she rushed screaming out of the yard, a few steps ahead of Zamfir, who followed with his gun in his hands. He ran wildly down the road until, on turning a corner, a whiff of acrid smoke reached his nostrils. For a moment the strong fellow felt faint; but madness seized him, and he ran on. The smoke grew thicker. He could now see his vineyard and people running about, gathering the chopped vines into great heaps from which rose darting flames. With a few frantic leaps he was at the gate, cocking his gun. But the next moment he flung it from him. It suddenly flashed through his head: 'No, not that way. Kindness is better. They are human. They will consider my poverty, my little children.' His swift glance took in the whole scene: wide stretches where only short stubs protruded from the ground in place of the magnificent vines that stood there in the morning. Busy men, who looked to Zamfir more terrible than devils in the infernal region, were chopping down new vines. Others were carrying them, with their luxuriant foliage and rich, heavy bunches of grapes, to the burning heaps. Every time an axe touched a vine Zamfir felt a flash of physical pain, as if they were chopping him.

'O Domne, Domne!' (Lord, Lord!) the Moldavian moaned. 'What shall I do now, unhappy man!'

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Tikhovich came up to him, pale with emotion.

'*Domnule* Doctor!' Zamfir stammered, looking at him with dim eyes, 'don't chop down my vineyard. I am a poor peasant. My children are little. It is all I have for bread!' When Tikhovich, unable to speak, merely shook his head helplessly, Zamfir staggered like a drunken man, ran to one of the proud vines that still stood unhurt, and sinking to the ground, lay his head close to the stem, saying, 'Cut off my head, cut off my head, rather than my vines!'

The laborers halted. They too owned vineyards, and their hearts stood still at the sight of this anguish. Tikhovich did not know what to do. He went from Zamfir to Mariora, trying to comfort them; but the man lay close to his vine, crying like a child. Mariora lay near another vine, putting her arms around it and wailing loudly. The word 'infection' spoken by Tikhovich caught her ear.

'Infection!' she cried wildly, 'infection on the roots! Then let me die of this infection first! Let me die and not see to-morrow's sunrise! Let me die of this infection!' She began to dig up the ground with her fingers, and pulling up the small rootlets covered with the yellow pest, she stuffed them in her mouth. Her eyes glowed yearningly, her face was ashen and distorted. She swallowed painfully, repeating, 'Let me die of the infection!' Their children cried hysterically. The laborers stood still. Suddenly a thought came to Tikhovich.

'Here, men,' he shouted, 'this woman has swallowed the infection. She may get sick. Let her inhale some of our gas.'

A laborer hastily ran to the gas-container. Frightened in spite of her despair, Mariora sprang to her feet, and with her burning eyes fixed on Tikhovich, screamed: —

'Drink your own blood, then, and choke with it, murderer!' And she ran out of the vineyard.

Tikhovich was surprised to see that Zamfir did not resist the men who picked him up and fairly carried him away. He merely kept repeating: —

'Cut my head off, not my vines! Don't take my bread from my mouth! Don't rob me!'

They seated him outside the vineyard, under a willow, and he silently dropped his head on his chest. Meanwhile the fire worked slowly through the piles of green plants under a dense smudge of smoke. The vines twisted slowly as if in pain. The delicate tendrils trembled whenever a flame-finger touched them. At length the flames gathered strength, rose higher and higher, devouring the grapes and the foliage with a wild roar. But Zamfir no longer saw what was occurring. His troubled eyes were like those of his feeble aged father. There was no longer sadness or anger in his heart.

The next afternoon Tikhovich, who had spent a sleepless night after the burning of the vineyard, was preparing to get a little repose when he saw Zamfir approach the door, leading a very old man by the hand.

'*Domnule* Doctor!' Zamfir said without the usual preliminary greeting, and gazing at him with lacklustre eyes, 'you have burned my vineyard. You've taken my bread from me. I cannot keep my old father now, so I bring him to you. You took my bread, now you must keep my father.'

'Zamfir, is it my fault that this misfortune has befallen you?' Tikhovich began. But Zamfir did not wait to listen; he turned his back with a hopeless motion of the hand and walked away. Mosh-Dima, the feeble old father, stood helplessly a moment, then sat down on the bench, never taking his dull eyes from Tikhovich.

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A JAPANESE VIEW OF MODERN ART[1]

BY OKAKURA KAKUZO

[OKAKURA KAKUZO is best known in America for his delightful *Book of Tea*, published some years ago. The present article is from his posthumous papers in the Nippon *Bijitsu-in*.]

THIS essay is a confession — hence an appeal; an appeal, therefore a protest. And protests are apt to be wearisome. It concerns itself chiefly with the problems of modern art as seen from a Japanese point of view. Remember, however, that my criticisms are not dictated by any want of respect for Western art, compelling as it does, in all its phases, the unconscious homage of wonder, if not always of admiration. Our reverential attitude toward any true expressions of art can be traced to our time-honored axiom, that a picture should be approached as one would enter the presence of a great prince. We have been taught to prostrate ourselves even to a vase of flowers before examining the beauty of its arrangement.

In the first place, I wish to distinguish between the problems which concern the individual painter and those which concern society. In our Eastern conception of art, questions of technique belong to the painter himself. The public has no right to determine what is shall be, in the present or in the future. The individuality of the artistic effort forbids that an outsider should meddle in its methods. The painter himself is but half-cognizant of the secret which makes him a master, for each new idea imposes its own modes and laws. The moment when he formulates his secrets is the moment when he enters on his old age and death.

For beauty is the joy of the eternal youthfulness of the creative mind. And it is the sharing of the gladness of the artist in his discovery of a reawakened life in the universe that constitutes the love of art to us.

The common weakness of humanity is to offer advice when it is not asked. Society has been ever ready to invade the sanctuary of Art. Patronage, with its accustomed superciliousness, has often imposed its authority on a realm which gold could not reach. Public criticism, with the best intentions in the world, has made itself only ridiculous by trying to interfere in questions where the painter must be the sole judge. Why enchain the vital spirit of Art? It is evanescent and always alive, and is godlike in its transformations. Was it not a Greek who said that he defined certain limits in art by what he had done? The Napoleonic geniuses of the brush are constantly winning victories, mindless of the dogmatic strategy of the academicians. The foremost critic of modern England has been ironically censured for his undue depreciation of Whistler, as one who was to be remembered by what he failed to understand. The fate of æsthetic discussions is to hand on the Achillean heels of Art and therein to find the vulnerable point of attack. We can Ruskinize only on the past.

If I may stretch a point, the masters themselves may be said to be responsi-

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ble for allowing society to frustrate the spontaneous play of later artists. Their personality has been so great as to leave a lasting impression on the canons of beauty, and any deviation from the accepted notions is certain to be regarded with suspicion. Society has been taken into the confidence of Art, and, like all confidences, it has been either too little or too much. The world has become disrespectful toward Art on account of the proffered familiarity. It feels at liberty to dictate where it ought to worship, to criticize where it ought to comprehend. It is not that the public should not talk, but that it should know better. It is not that society should not be amused, but that it should enjoy more. We are sorry to realize how much of real æsthetic sympathy is lost in the jargon of studio talks.

The very individuality of Art, which makes its problem so subjective to the artist, at the same time makes it defy classification in time. It is a matter of doubt whether we can speak of the 'modern problem' in painting, as such, with any degree of accuracy or with profit. The problem which confronts the painter to-day has been always with him, since the days he first traced the mastodon on bone fragments, in the primeval dens of the cave-lions.

In this age of classification we often forget that the eternal flow of life joins us with our predecessors. Classification is, after all, a convenience to arrange our thoughts, and like all objects of convenience becomes in the end troublesome. The modern scientific mind is apt to think it has conquered matter by simply labeling it. But definitions are limitations, and thus barriers to our insight. A seventeenth-century Japanese poet has written that we feel the coldness of things on our lips, like a blast of autumn, whenever we begin to speak. Lao-tsze, in his supreme adoration of the Unspeakable, has pointed out that the reality of a house is not in the roof or the walls, but in the spaces which they create. So the reality of painting consists in its innate beauty, not in the names of the schools or periods in which we love to arrange it on the shelves of our historical consciousness.

It has been said that Romanticism is the distinctive characteristic of modern art. But which of the so-called classic masters has not been romantic? If the term means individualism, the expression of the self instead of impersonal ideals, it must be the common property, nay, the very essence of all creative efforts. If the term means the emotional side of the art-impulse in contradistinction to the intellectual, or the sensuous, which respectively represent the classic or the realistic, it is again a name for art itself, because art is emotion. A painting is the whole man, with his infinite susceptibilities to the thoughts of other men and the nature around him. It is his essay on the world, whether it be a protest or an acquiescence. Delacroix has been considered the acme of modern romanticism. But do we not see in him the all-roundness of a great artistic mind? He is an artist. He is a Delacroix.

Again, people are wont to claim that realism is the insignia of modern painting. There is no realism in art in the strict sense of the word, for art is a suggestion through nature, not a presentation of nature itself. We may notice that a vast amount of conventionality exists even among the French impressionists. Their best productions command respect, not on account of their power of painting sunlight, but in the value of the new poetry they are enabled to express through their outdoor technique. Am I correctly informed that it was found in Titian? Certainly in Michelangelo!

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Although the development of painting in different countries has created different methods of approaching nature, the original relation to it has never been broken. For nature is a part of art as the body is a part of the soul. A Sung writer has called attention to the interrelation by the remark that one admires a landscape for being like a picture, and a picture because it is like a real landscape. Art is no less an interpretation of nature than nature is a commentary on art. The types of physical beauty in man or woman which have been the source of inspiration to great masters are in their turn determined by the ideal which they set for the succeeding generations. The waves have become Korin to us, as shadows have grown to be Rembrandt to you.

I do not know if I have made my meaning clear. I have been trying to say that the problems of the painter are individual and subjective, that the method of expressing his personality lies entirely with each artist and forbids any interference from the outside. I hope that I have conveyed to you the idea that the questions which we may discuss profitably regarding painting are not whether it shall be more idealistic or less realistic, whether the artist should create in this scheme of color, or that tone of light. These are questions for the painter exclusively, and he is well able to take care of them.

Then what is the objective side of the question? What are the modern problems of painting which society can fitly discuss at all? I reply that it is the relation of painting to society itself. Society regulates the conditions under which art is produced. If it cannot claim the artist, it can claim the man. If it cannot dictate his technique, it can furnish his theme, and to a certain extent his ideals. It is in the secret understanding between the performer and the audience that both delight. It is the humanity that reverberates alike through the chord of art and the hearts of the people. The more human the call, the more universal and deeper the response.

Nothing touches us more than the weary lines on a great painter's face, for they are the traces, not of his contact with his art, but with the world. One is a joy and a solace, the other is an eternal torment. The antagonism between the two lies in the laws of their existence. Art is the sphere of freedom, society that of conventions. The vulgar ever resent the ideal, society is somehow always afraid of the living artist. It begins to offer applause when his ears are deaf — flowers when he is safely laid in his grave. The success and popularity of a living painter in many cases are signs of lowness of spiritual level. For the higher the artistic mind soars, the greater becomes the possibility of local or contemporary miscomprehension. Even in the perfection of Raphael, or in the princely ease of Rubens, we are tempted to miss the sublimity of the tormented soul of Michelangelo.

Society has not only been inimical to individual masters, but has at times indulged in the wholesale destruction of schools. Eastern art had also its ample measure of such catastrophes. To give an example: the conquest of China by the Mongols in the thirteenth century brought about a sudden downfall of Celestial art from which it has never since been able to recover.

As you are doubtless aware, the time at which this calamity occurred was the brightest age of Chinese painting. It was in the Sung dynasty, so rich in poetical and philosophical inspirations. It was the age when Confucianism had evolved a new meaning by the synthesis of Taoist and Buddhist ideals. It was the age when China was break-

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ing through the crust of her ancient formalism, when political and economical experiments were tried on a vast scale. You will remember that the wonderful porcelain of China was the special product of this period of universal activity.

Painting was the art of the Sung people. It is to their masters that the later Chinese, and we Japanese, owe the higher conception of the quality of the line, or the manipulation of light and atmosphere within the condensed area of black-and-white treatment. Before them Chinese painting was beautiful in its repose, with the stately completeness of the style which we see in the remains of early Indian or Greco-Roman painting. The Sung artists emancipated Asiatic art from this classicism to turn its gaze on the poetry of movement and seek new meanings of life in the intimate aspects of nature.

Alas! all these brilliant achievements of the Sung 'illumination' were stopped in their full career by the advent of the Mongol conquerors. Their barbarous rule crushed the vitality of the native civilization, and painting had barely a chance to survive. Thenceforward it is a decadence relieved here and there by a few exceptional geniuses. It was not the Mongols alone who inflicted such disaster on Chinese art. The Manchus came again from the North to impose another alien government. Wars and disturbances never ceased to harass the Celestial painter. What one regards to-day as representative of Chinese art is but a dismal shadow compared with what it was in the glorious age of the Tang or Sung masters.

The calamities imposed upon Art by the social conditions do not end here. Even in the days of peace we shall find that the so-called encouragement was by no means a boon to Art. The self-complacency of society is apt to make itself believe that patronage is everything. On the contrary, the word 'patronage' is in itself an insult. We want sympathy, not condescension. If society really cared for good art it would approach it with the respect due to all the noble functions of life. As it is, painting has been often called to the degrading service of society. It was this that made the great Tang painter Yenrippen tell his children that he would disown them if they ever learned to paint.

Religion has been supposed to be the greatest inspiration of art. It is often claimed that the loss of religious zeal caused the decadence of art. But art is a religion in itself. The mere fact of painting a holy subject does not constitute the holiness of the picture. The inherent nobleness and devotional attitude of the artist's mind toward the universe alone stamp him as the religious painter. It has been remarked that in the picture of the bamboo by Sankoku lay the whole mystery of Taoism. The stereotyped representations of Christian or Buddhist subjects, of which, alas! there are so many, are not only a parody on religion, but a caricature of art itself. Here we see another instance of the effects of misplaced patronage where even Religion made a handmaiden of Art, and thus robbed it of its legitimate expression.

Society, in posing as the patron, forgets that its true function is that of the mother. Art was rarely allowed a place to nestle on its bosom. The waywardness of Art born of her innate individuality has caused her to be treated as a stepchild. The palmy days of painting were only when the painters had a recognized place in the social scheme. In old times painting was either a trade or an occupation of the religious. The great masters belonged to the guild if not to the cloister. They were Bellinis or Fra Angelicos.

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It must not be inferred that the conditions in the past which gave to both the Italian and the Japanese painters a recognized place in society are to be considered ideal or perfect. I am simply pointing to the fact that the position of Art was not anomalous, at least not as it is nowadays. The difficulty at the present time is that society has broken the ancient harmony, and offers nothing to replace it. The academy and the institute are poor substitutes for the mediæval guilds or the Japanese monkhood — the groups which kept up traditions and furnished a home for Art.

The modern spirit, in emancipating the man, exiles the artist. The painter of to-day has no recognized function in the social scheme. He may be nearer nature, but is further from humanity. Have we not noticed how intensely human are the pictures of all the great masters? Do we not notice how distant and cold are the modern productions? Art for Art's sake is a wail of Bohemia.

If we look on the surface of things, it would appear as if there were no time in history when Art was so honored as it is to-day in Europe or America. The highest social distinctions are conferred on the successful painter, and the amount of his remuneration is incomparably greater than that given the old master. Yet it is a matter of doubt whether he enjoys the fostering care and the stimulating influences which the community and brother-workers accorded him in the past. The very lack of finish and refinement in his work shows the difference between the new and the old. It is significant that in France, where the relation between the artist and the community is better than elsewhere in the West, where traditions are still adhered to by its institute, we find the most vital contemporary achievements.

We of the East often wonder whether the West cares for art. The desire seems to be not for art, but for decoration — decoration in the sense of subjugating beauty for the sake of display. In the rush for wealth there is no time for lingering before a picture. In the competition of luxury, the criterion is not that the thing should be more interesting, but that it should be more expensive. The paintings that cover the walls are not of your choice, but those dictated by fashion. What sympathy can you expect from Art when you offer none? Under such conditions Art is apt to recoil either with insidious flattery or with brutal sarcasm. Meanwhile the true Art weeps. Do not let my expressions offend you. Japan is eager to follow in your footsteps, and is fast learning not to care for art.

The task of preserving Japanese painting against all these antagonistic influences is not easy. It is a matter of no small wonder that there has been produced within recent years a new school of national painting. Our hope for the future lies in the tenacity of the Japanese race, which has kept its individuality intact since the dawn of its history. Two generations cannot change the idiosyncrasies of twenty centuries. The bulk of the traditions still remains practically unharmed.

Of late years there has been a marked tendency to a deeper recognition of the best in the ancient culture of Japan. We are glad to see in the heroic sacrifices of our people in the war that the spirit of old Japan is not dead. Our greatest hope is in the very vitality of Art itself, which enabled it to thrive in spite of the various adversities which it encountered in the past. A grim pride animates us in facing the enormous odds which modern society has raised against us. At the present day we feel ourselves to be the sole guardians of the art inheritance of Asia. The battle must be fought out to the very last.

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WOMAN'S SONG

BY EDWARD SHANKS

[*The Shadowgraph*]

No more upon my bosom rest thee,
Too often have my hands caressed thee,
  My lips thou knowest well, too well.
Lean to my heart no more thine ear
My spirit's hidden truth to hear —
  It has no more to tell.

In what dark night, in what strange night,
Burnt to the butt the candle's light
  That lit our room so long?
I do not know. I thought I knew
How love could be both sweet and true;
  I also thought it strong.

Where has the flame departed, where
Amid the waste of empty air
  Is that which dwelt with us?
Was it a fancy? Did we make
Only a show for dead love's sake,
  It being so piteous?

No more against my bosom press thee,
Ask no more that my lips caress thee,
  Leave the sad lips thou hast known so well.
If to my heart thou lean thine ear,
There, grieving, thou shalt only hear
  Vain murmuring of an empty shell.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

IMMORALITY AND PROFANENESS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE

THE noble example of the New York *World*, which started out a couple of months ago to purify the New York stage, has spread to London, where Mrs. Charles Hornibrook is forming a society of women to drive out plays which she regards as immoral.

In an interview with the *Westminster Gazette* the feminine Anthony Comstock says: —

I belong to the Bishop of London's Morality Council, and when we, the Stage Play Society, take up our reports to him, he gives them his utmost consideration; but my society can act independently.

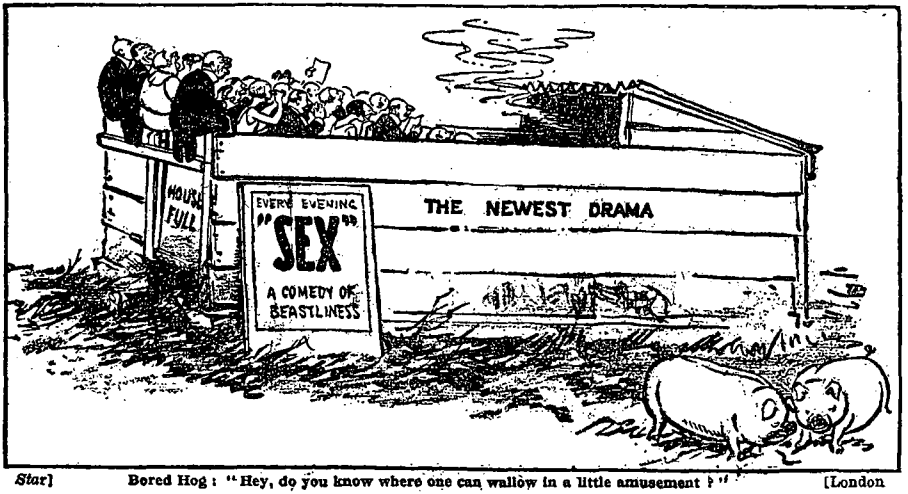
Plays are now staged which the better half of the public do not want, and the other half ought not to be catered for. It seems to me, therefore, that only one thing can be done — and that is to protest publicly.

If the authorities have not sufficient power their hands ought to be strengthened. I am against weak-kneed censorship, not against the Lord Chamberlain, and I shall not act if he does his work to our satisfaction.

The society I have formed is not asking for money from the public. If any money is needed I will provide it; and if any suffering or imprisonment has to be endured, then I am ready.

Just why Mrs. Hornibrook should assume the martyr air in her last paragraph, it is a little hard to see. Crusaders against immoral plays frequently have to face public ridicule, but they are not imprisoned. However that may be, it is interesting to see the age-old objection to the 'immorality and profaneness of the English stage' cropping up in London, where the battle has raged at least since Shakespeare's day.

Even Berlin, which has always been ready to tolerate almost anything in the way of 'daring' on the stage,



Star] Bored Hog: "Hey, do you know where one can wallow in a little amusement?" [London

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providing there was nothing unpatriotic or political about it, has begun to show signs of uneasiness. All sorts of comparatively innocent productions got into trouble in the monarchical days. Such a play as *What Price Glory*, for example, would never have been tolerated, though since the war certain dramatists have not hesitated to take their audiences into the dugouts and trenches to show them what war is like. One questionable play which was banned in the Imperial days was Frank Wedekind's *Franziska*, but although this might be regarded as risqué, the true reason for its suppression was its rather daring caricature of the Crown Prince. That gentleman also took offense at Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, ostentatiously leaving the theatre where it was performed, because it ridiculed the imperial idea. Post-war Berlin, however, after several years of freedom, suffers qualms over such plays as Carl Sternheim's *Oscar Wilde* and Georg Kaiser's *Gats*, which deals with birth control, though criticism is directed to the style rather than to the subject.

❦

THE SORROWS OF A LIBRARIAN

To the London *Times* and all its thousands of readers Dr. Hagberg Wright, the famous head of the London Library, confides the sorrows caused him by those who use his institution. The reader, it would appear, is a sorry rogue. He makes pencil notes on public books, he draws pictures on margins, he makes dog's ears, or he annexes the volume outright.

Still sadder is the fact that these bad habits are not confined to ordinary mortals. The good and great of the literary world are the very worst offenders. Carlyle when he differed with an author used to scrawl on the margin, 'Pah!' or 'You fool!' and he did this without in the least troubling to reflect whether the book he annotated belonged to him or not. Many of those which he borrowed from the London Library are profusely annotated. It may be urged in extenuation that he thereby increased their value. This was Coleridge's excuse when he wrote to Charles Lamb, 'You will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic.' And Lamb, as everybody knows, rose generously to the bait and praised his friend's sins in a charming essay. The historian Lecky says that Carlyle used to draw asses' ears on the margin opposite statements which offended him, but Dr. Wright, unable, after a long search, to find anything of the kind, imagines 'that Lecky mistook badly drawn hands for asses' ears.'

Shelley liked to sketch trees. Leslie Stephen's taste ran to monkeys, dogs, deer, and mice, and many of his own books — with which, of course, he had the right to do as he pleased — contain some excellent sketches.

As for the common run of readers, honesty is the rarest of their policies. 'The alacrity to borrow has never been accompanied by a corresponding alacrity to return. Every library, public and private, suffers. Books are left in trains, in buses, in shops; they are dropped by the wayside, put away into cupboards or cellars during spring cleanings, sold by executors as waste paper, thrown overboard from the decks of steamers into the rivers or the ocean. A member of the London Library once confessed that he had cast a London Library book into the Pacific Ocean rather than restore it to St. James's Square! Another delinquent of this order regularly hurled his books, when read, into a river!'

And one of the worst offenders among great writers was George Eliot, who wrote in apology: 'I kept it

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(Wolff's *Prolegomena to Homer*), ever since November, because I wished to read it again and relied too confidently on the unlikelihood that anyone else would ask for it. Now, however, by way of Nemesis, some student turns up who wants the said volume. You see all wrongdoing strikes the innocent more than the guilty.'

♣

THE WILD MAN OF THE SNOWS

THE Mount Everest expedition a year or two ago announced the discovery of a mysterious footprint in the snow of the upper Himalayas, far beyond the level where any native tribes were known to live. This was believed to be confirmation of a sort for the native tradition that a race of wild men lived far up the mountains where they could only occasionally be seen.

Now from Calcutta comes the story of an Italian named Tombazi, who claims to have seen the wild men near Kabur Mountain while on a photographic expedition. Through powerful glasses he examined a creature which was walking upright, stooping occasionally to pull up roots. Later, when he went to the spot, Tombazi found footprints like those of a man. Inquiries showed that no human being of the ordinary sort had crossed the Jongre Pass.

The native stories, which are articles of faith with the Tibetans, Bhutans, and Sikkimese, have it that the wild men are cannibals who live in caves, avoiding parties of travelers but attacking solitary wanderers. Colonel Howard-Bury, the leader of the Mount Everest expedition, was inclined to scoff at the story three years ago, asserting that the legendary snow man is usually a wolf. The *Manchester Guardian* suggests learnedly that the footprints of a bird, a bear, or a gray wolf can readily be mistaken for those of a barefooted man. (Footprints of barefooted men in snowdrifts, for purposes of comparison, are naturally rather rare.)

At any rate, mothers in High Himalayas have a fine bogey-man with which to terrify their offspring.

♣

TOBACCO AND MODERN LIFE

THOUGH physiologists may protest and moralists may raise their hands in horror, the modern fondness for tobacco is obviously growing. London has been holding a tobacco exhibition, in opening which no less a person than Viscount Burnham, owner of the *Daily Telegraph*, said: 'The taste for tobacco increases as life becomes more complicated and difficult. Tobacco is more and more the solace of civilization — the great tranquilizer of the human mind.'

The exhibition seems to bear out his words. In it were shown the latest type of cigarette-holder, in which the cigarette, instead of being placed in a tube, is impaled upon a hollow needle which automatically extinguishes it when it has burned to a certain point; huge cabinets built to accommodate as many as twelve thousand cigars; smaller cabinets accommodating only five thousand, carved in cedar to represent famous London buildings; a cigarette-making machine, working at the rate of a thousand revolutions an hour and turning out fifty cigarettes at every revolution; in contrast with this, a display of handmade cigarettes fashioned in the Balkan style at a leisurely two hundred an hour; and pipes of every type, with every sort of device attached.

A place of honor was reserved for twelve tobacco plants which had been grown in England, though, sad to say, after all the pains that had been taken with them, these were seized and

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destroyed by the customs authorities as soon as the exhibition was over.

✽

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES IN EUROPE

Two Austrian dramatists, Felix Fischer and Oskar Friedman, have got hold of a novel dramatic idea which they are employing in a revue at the Modernes Theater. They are endeavoring to show on the stage every event, big or little, described in a single copy of a newspaper. The play is amusing, exciting, ironic, rather deficient, as one might expect, in the rhetorical virtue of unity, and this extraordinary production has been baptized with a Pinero title: it is called *The Big Drum*.

Besides being Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of the Navy, Dictator, and several other things, Signor Mussolini is dashing off the third act of a play which he began fifteen years ago. The title is *Signori, s'incomincia* ('The performance is about to begin'), a title which must have a menacing ring to his political opponents perched on the Aventine Hill. The characters are a troupe of Gypsy musicians. The author imagines that the character of each can be revealed by the instrument that he plays, and the story tells of a young girl who has fallen in love with a much older man. Signor Mussolini has not yet made up his mind how to end it, which must make it a little hard to write the third act. Signora Maria Bazzi announces that she will tour the United States with this dramatic masterwork.

The National Theatre in Prague is rehearsing a production of a new play by M. Romain Rolland dealing with Danton and Robespierre, but apparently distinct from his former play on a similar subject. The Prague Theatre proposes to import French critics for its first production.

✽

BOYCOTTING THOMAS HARDY

THE veteran English journalist, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, speaking during Animal Welfare Week in London, told an interesting story of how Thomas Hardy once fell foul of the county families in Essex. The trouble arose over that in its time much-debated novel, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. It was not, however, the alleged immorality of this classic that drew fire, but the chapter in which Mr. Hardy described the suffering of pheasants which had been wounded in the autumn shooting but escaped. The leading families of the county concluded that the novelist was discouraging sport, and as this was some ninety per cent worse than mere immorality, they cut the genius off their calling-lists.

✽

A MATHEMATICAL TRIUMPH

ASTONISHING achievement recorded by the *Seoul Press*: —

> Official returns just compiled here show that out of 279 young men graduating this year from the different professional schools in Chosen, 300 have already secured employment.

✽

THE MIGHTY DEAD

THE *Phare de la Loire*, French provincial newspaper, brings the sad news that a M. Schopenhauer, driving his motor-cycle a little too furiously, recently collided with an auto-truck run by a M. Auguste Comte.

No comment seems quite adequate to this occasion.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Germany, by G. P. Gooch, with an Introduction by the Right Honorable H. A. L. Fisher. London: Benn; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925. $3.00.

[*Times*]

MR. GOOCH has, as was to be expected, written a very valuable and very remarkable book on modern Germany. It is a task for which he has great qualifications. Not only has he a knowledge which is probably unexampled of German books, but he has what is above all essential for his task — sympathy. For no man can write the biography of an individual or the study of a nation unless he has the capacity of looking at the subject from the inside.

Mr. Gooch also well understands that we cannot deal with the Germany of to-day without knowing something of the Germany of yesterday, and perhaps the best chapter in the book is the opening account of Germany before Bismarck, which means necessarily two things — the rise of Prussia and the revolution of 1848. With the fall of the Imperial system which was built up on the ruins of their ideals, the men of 1848 have once more come into their inheritance. Perhaps Mr. Gooch even now overestimates their qualities, as throughout we see a tendency to overestimate the written and spoken word. It is with the post-Bismarck period that he gets on what might seem to be difficult ground.

But the great value of the book is the account of Germany since the war. The Peace Treaty and the execution of the Treaty are naturally dealt with from the German point of view. Mr. Gooch in these chapters, as nearly always, maintains an aloofness which is often pontifical and occasionally even irritating. He does not, for instance, attempt to criticize the Treaty himself; what he does is to give us the best expression of the German criticism, and the condemnation, even of M. Poincaré, is more implied than clearly stated.

The internal history of Germany is fully and well dealt with. We have an admirable account of the revolution and the establishment of the new Constitution, in which, as we should expect, Mr. Gooch shows himself a firm supporter of the new democratic State. In the chapter on Capital and Labor he is dealing with problems which perhaps at this moment are even more important than constitutional problems, and his description of the career of Herr Hugo Stinnes, side by side as it is with the accounts of the experiments in novel forms of the control of industry, is particularly useful.

Finally we have a chapter on the new Germany, which deals with the new educational experiments, and one on the 'German Mind,' in which Mr. Gooch shows his extraordinary wideness of reading.

Oh, Mr. Leacock! by C. K. Allen. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head; New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1925.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MR. ALLEN devotes a page which would otherwise be blank in his latest book to the announcement that it is not dedicated by kind permission to Stephen Leacock. But Mr. Leacock, if it were, would quite appreciate the compliment. Mr. Allen has a growing reputation as a humorist, and there is evidence of his admiration for the humor of Leacock to be found in every page of his laughable attack upon it. He shows us the versatile professor of economics 'earnestly scanning the Board of Trade Returns with his right eye and *La Vie Parisienne* with his left,' accuses him, with an assumption of gravity, of constantly 'holding up to ridicule all the purer elements of the Literary Art,' and maintains that 'it is such men as he who are wolves in sheep's clothing, eating away the foundation stones of Society and lurking in the grass ready to strike the Ship of State.' There is loud laughter in every page of the book; and if Mr. Allen were quite an unknown author Mr. Leacock would certainly be suspected of having written it himself!

Out of the Past, by Margaret Symonds (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan). London: Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925. 16*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS was the victim of ill health, but not altogether of ill fortune. With a normal physique he might have passed by way of Balliol to the Bar, according to the family purpose. Thus a great historian of Italian culture might have been lost that a moderate pleader might be made, for one cannot picture Symonds striding bewigged across the Strand as one of the conquerors of that profitable passage between chambers and court. He lived happily at Davos, and made Switzerland rather more than a link in those Anglo-Italian sympathies to which he

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brought his deep learning and his leisure. Happily married to a woman of great distinction, and happy in his friends and children, happy too in the ability to live without a remunerative profession and without financial worries, he found a home in Switzerland whither many of his intimates would follow him at seasons of holiday. Thus his daughter Margaret was not brought up in exile, and the life at Davos which she records has many English facets and communications.

Her book is hardly biography, since biography is history, and history involves critical selection and flavor of judgment. It is to be considered rather as a compilation and a chronicle. It is packed with trivialities which impede the mind that seeks to assess her father's literary work or achieve a simple outline of the Victorian culture which he adorned. The minor domesticities crowd the view. Naturally one finds points of considerable literary interest imbedded in the mass. We learn, for instance, that as early as 1868 'an insurrection against Tennyson' is afoot. 'It is beginning among the young men,' wrote Symonds, 'and I hear a good deal of it.' He went on to describe the 'Tennysonian word-artifices' as 'obscure and pedantically, frigidly complex.'

Symonds mingled with many of the great Victorians, and his comments are incisive without ceasing to be courteous. Jowett crosses the Alpine path on several occasions, and one gets new aspects of this astonishing man whose fascination is so hard to realize from the printed page.

Of Symonds's lucidity and gentle force in letter-writing much is already known, and this volume adds notably to our knowledge. Mrs. Walter Leaf adds an interesting picture of her mother, Janet Catherine Symonds, and the volume makes up, as such a labor of love should do, a detailed, dignified portrait of a home in which the Anglo-Saxon qualities of character were exquisitely warmed by Latin sympathies in intellectual and æsthetic outlook.

The Shadowgraph, by Edward Shanks. London: Collins, 1925. *5s.*

[C. Henry Warren in the *Outlook*]

THERE are four poems in *The Shadowgraph* that, it seems to me, exceed in beauty and strength anything that Mr. Shanks has yet written. One of them carries emotion almost as far as words can dare to reach. Modern lyrical poetry would be hard pressed to show anything that, for clarity, for fervor, for austerity, could surpass the 'Woman's Song.' It has been wrenched from the ore and burned seven times.

The other three poems that come nearest to this song are 'The Bitten Grass,' 'The Shadowgraph,' and 'The Fountain in the Pine Forest.' In each of them there is the same chiseled excellence, the same restraint in description, and the same trust in our imagination. They fall short only in intensity. For the rest, we meet again the Mr. Shanks of his earlier books of poetry, classical in the dignity of his metre, felicitous in fancy, and unwasting in the words whereby he pins down his emotion.

['Woman's Song' appears elsewhere in this issue.]

The Monkey Puzzle, by J. D. Beresford. London: Collins; Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1925.

[J. W. Sydenham in the *Empire Review*]

TAKE a conventional man — a country squire for choice; let his wife be one of those unconventional persons whose cardinal principle is to be true to their intuitions at all costs; introduce into the situation a worthless fellow with a spark of value in him worth fanning into something better — an artist ruining himself with drink and drugs will do excellently; let the squire's wife try to save the artist; arrange for him to be seen to kiss her by scandalmongering villagers; set the stage for a discussion of the affair by husband and wife; and let them become thoroughly self-conscious about their actions and their relations to the artist. What, if the artist is still to be saved, is to be done? That is the problem with which Mr. Beresford deals in his latest novel, and out of it he makes an excellent story as well as an interesting psychological document.

The Challenge of Asia, by Stanley Rice. London: Murray; New York: Scribner's, 1925. $2.25.

[*Saturday Review*]

THE real challenge of Asia which Mr. Rice, who has had long experience in the Indian Civil Service, sets out to examine is the growing conviction in a part of the world hitherto content meekly to accept Western domination as a dispensation of nature that the ascendancy of the white races is nothing but an accident, 'based neither on science nor on any positive experience.' From any practical point of view there is little risk of the overwhelming of Western civilization by an Eastern upheaval. 'In a military sense Europe is in no danger.' What the resurgent East is in process of demanding is equality of consideration with the West. The means they have adopted to this end seem unoriginal. They have merely set before their eyes the tenets of a democracy of whose spirit they are entirely unperceptive, and, despite a pathetic belief in the salvation to be found in applied science, there seems little ground for believing that the East can hope to defeat Europe at its own game.

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What Has Youth To Say About the Next War?

WILL the call to a Crusade again thrill these lads who burned to fight in the World War, but were too young?

* * *

George A. Coe, author of "What Ails Our Youth," contributes "Youth and Peace"; Oliver La Farge writes on "The Colleges and War" for the July Scribner's Magazine, now on the news stands.

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* * *

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* * *

Walter Prichard Eaton puts all his love of the Maine Woods and the people who inhabit them into "Lord of the Wilderness," a remarkably fine essay which makes mountains, and trees, and streams live and breathe.

* * *

"Chasing Antelope on the Great Mongolian Plateau" by William Douglas Burden illustrates a new use for the flivver — and that in the romantic land of Kublai Khan.

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